REVISED (1900) EDITION.

PRECIOUS HYMNS

FOR TIMES OF

REFRESHING

AND

REVIVAL

SELECTED BY

THOS. HARRISON.

MUSICAL EDITORS

AND

JNO. R. SWENEY

W. J. KIRKPATRICK

PHILADELPHIA:

JOHN J. HOOD

1024 ARCH ST.

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P7
1885

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AN experience of many years' work as a Revivalist has made manifest to me the desirableness of having a MUSIC edition of hymns contained in the smaller book of words only. In preparing the same I received the assistance as musical editors of Jno. R. Sweney, Mus. Doc., and Wm. J. Kirkpatrick. The valuable service rendered by these authors in the field of Christian song is widely recognised, and it is believed will recommend the musical department of PRECIOUS HYMNS to Gospel Singers generally.

THOS. HARRISON.

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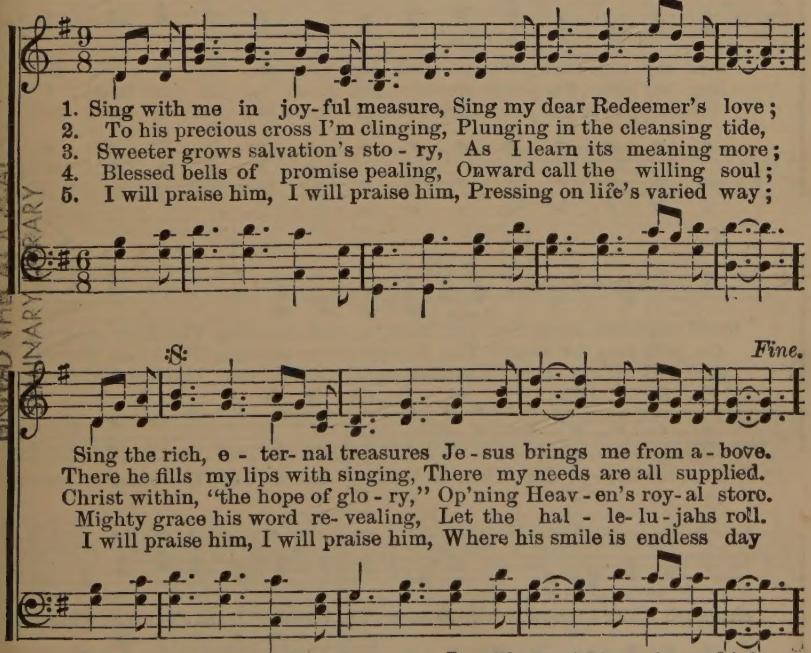
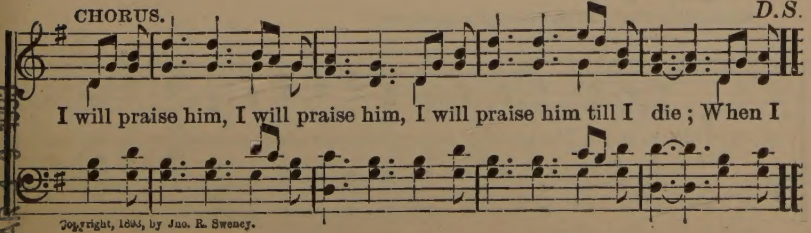
PRECIOUS HYMNS.

1 I will Praise Him.

L. H. EDMUNDS. JNO. R. SWENEY.





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Cleanseth White as Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Arranged for this work.

1. My Saviour died to o-pen wide The gates of life to me; To
2. One song shall ring to heaven's King, From all the ransomed host; They
3. Now all the way, I'll watch and pray, And sing redeeming love; His

save my soul from sin's con-trol, And give me lib-er-ty; His
sing his name, his praise proclaim, His cross is all their boast; I
keeping power I'll prove each hour, He leads my soul a-bove; And

f.

blood can wash my stains Till not a spot remains, The blood of Jesus
too will join the song, The hap-py theme prolong, The blood of Jesus
still will I a-bide Where flows salvation's tide, The blood of Jesus

D. S.–bless the hap-py day When he took my sins a-way, The blood of Jesus

Fine. CHORUS.

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow. The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as

cleanseth white as snow, white as snow.

D.S.

snow, white as snow, The blood of Jesus cleanseth white as snow, white as snow; I

Copyright, 1894, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Calling You Home.

J. B. Mackay. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Sinner, O why do you heedless-ly stray, Farther and farther from heav-en a-way? O hear the voice of the Sav-iour to-day,
2. Out in the desert so lonely and drear, While you've been wand'ring for man-y a year, Je-sus has ev-er been lov-ing-ly near,
3. Though you have always been wayward and wild, Your loving Father still calls you his child; Now is the Sav-iour, in tones sweet and mild,
4. Though in-to sin you have wandered afar, Though on your heart there is man-y a scar; Je-sus is call-ing you, just as you are,

CHORUS.

Tender-ly calling you home. Calling you home, sinner, calling you home; Je-sus the Saviour is call-ing you home; Come and abide with him, nev-er to roam, Je-sus is ten-der-ly call-ing you home.

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There is Room at the Fountain.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There is room at the fountain of mer - cy, Flowing free - ly from Calv'ry to - day, Tho' your sin may a- rise like a moun- tain, Go to
2. There is peace at the fountain of mer - cy, And the rest of the soul will begin When 'tis plunged 'neath the waters of heal-ing, Blessed
3. Come, oh, come to the fountain of mer - cy, Is there aught that should make you de- lay, When a blessing awaits you from heav- en? Je- sus
4. Yes, there's room at the fountain of mer - cy, And there's room in his bos- om of love; If we take the sal- va - tion he of - fers, Room for

CHORUS.

Je - sus, and wash them a- way. There is room at the fountain, flowing stream that will cleanse from all sin.
sweet - ly invites you to - day.
us in the mansions a - bove.

freely to-day; Room for ev'ry burdened sinner, who has heard the Saviour say,

"Come to me, come to me," Come, and wash your sins away.

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Jesus Spoke Peace to My Soul.

SALLIE SMITH. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. To him who from bondage has brought me, My gracious Redeemer and King;
2. I'll sing of his in-finite goodness, His tender compassion so free;
3. I'll walk in the light of his presence, He leads me wherever he will;
4. When tempted I cling to his promise, He takes ev'ry burden a - way;

A tribute of praise will I of - fer, A song from my heart will I sing.
When, lost on the wilds of the des-ert, He sought and he saved even me.
I lean on the staff of his mer - cy, And, oh, how it comforts me still.
My heart with his love is o'erflowing, And this is the theme of my lay.

CHORUS.

Jesus spoke peace to my soul, Yes, Jesus spoke peace to my soul;

I'll never forget the sweet moment of bliss, When Jesus spoke peace to my soul.

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Only His Love.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, to be near - er, near - er The feet of my Lord and King!
2. Oh, to be near - er, near - er, Communing with him in prayer!
3. Oh, to be near - er, near - er My Refuge, my Hope, my All!
4. Oh, for a faith still brighter, And clearer from day to day!

Oh, to en-joy his pres - ence, And on - ly his love to sing!
Oh, to be strong - er, strong - er, My bur - den of toil to bear!
Oh, to be al - ways read - y To an - swer my Sav - iour's call!
Oh, to be more like Je - sus, In all that I do and say!

CHORUS.

On - ly his love, on - ly his love, Ev - er my song shall be: His wonder- ful love, pre- par- ing a- bove A robe and a crown for me.

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Lord Jesus, Make me Whole.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Lord Jesus, make me whole in the fount of life, That's made for sin-
2. I come, dear Lord, to thee with a child-like faith, My bur - den of
3. I need thy pard'ning blood to my heart applied, O thou who hast

cleansing here be - low; O wash me in the blood of the Cru - ci- fied,
sin is great, I know; But thou canst wash me clean in thy precious blood,
paid the debt I owe; Then plunge me in the tide of the crimson flood,

CHORUS.

And I shall be whiter than the snow. Whit - - er than the
Whiter than the snow,

snow, Whit - - er than the snow; O
Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow, Whiter than the snow;

wash me in the blood of the Crucified, And I shall be whiter than the snow.

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Out with the Life-Boat.

Mrs. C. H. M. Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Storm-toss'd upon the sea of life Are souls for whom Christ died, With rudder,
2. So myr- i- ads of precious souls Are drifting aimless- ly, Soon to be
3. An outstretch'd hand, a cheering smile, A word of trustful pray'r, Might touch a

chart and compass lost, Just drifting with the tide; For- ev - er on the
dash'd up- on the rocks, And lost e - ter - nally; Who'll breast the wave and
chord in some sad heart Now sinking in de- spair; The tide is swift, the

CHORUS.

waters flow, And bear them t'ward the rocks below. Then out with the life-boat,
stem the flood To tell them of redeeming blood?
current strong, The time for rescue won't be long.

away, away,

A- way, away, a - way! . . . Then out with the life-boat, Away, a -

away, away,

then away!

way, a - way! For souls are sinking 'neath the wave, And Christ commissions

then away!

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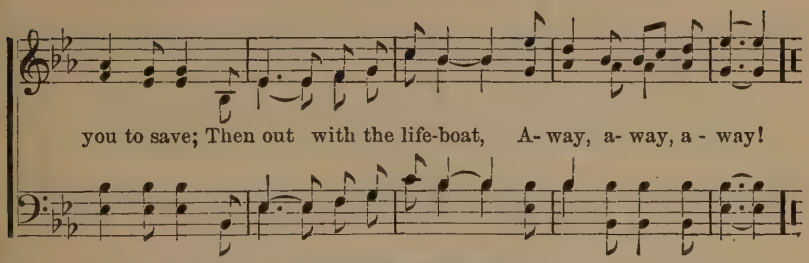
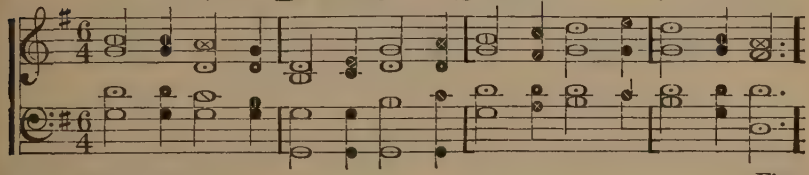
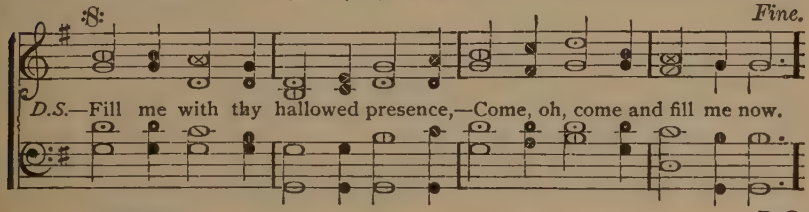
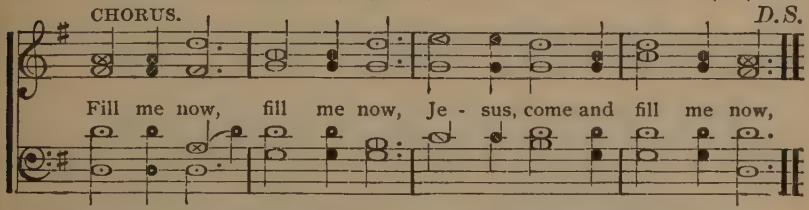
Out with the Life-Boat.—CONCLUDED.



9 E. H. Stokes, D.D. **Fill Me Now.** Jno. R. Sweney.







1 Hover o'er me, Holy Spirit;
Bathe my trembling heart and brow;
Fill me with thy hallowed presence,
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

2 Thou can'st fill me, gracious Spirit,
Though I cannot tell thee how;
But I need thee, greatly need thee;
Come, oh, come and fill me now.

3 I am weakness, full of weakness;
At thy sacred feet I bow;
Blest, divine, eternal Spirit,
Fill with power, and fill me.

4 Cleanse and comfort, bless and save me;
Bathe, oh, bathe my heart and brow;
Thou art comforting and saving,
Thou art sweetly filling now.

1 Come, thou fount of every blessing,
Tune my heart to sing thy grace;
Streams of mercy never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.

2 Teach me some melodious sonnet,
Sung by flaming tongues above;
Praise the mount—I'm fixed upon it—
Mount of thy redeeming love!

3 Here I'll raise mine Ebenezer;
Hither by thy help I'm come;
And I hope by thy good pleasure,
Safely to arrive at home,

4 Jesus sought me when a stranger,
Wandering from the fold of God;
He, to rescue me from danger,
Interposed his precious blood.

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Calling for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Oh, come to the Saviour, his arms are ex-tend-ed, Oh, come to the Sav-iour so lov-ing and true; Be-hold, he is call-ing in ten-der compas-sion, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
2. Oh, come to the Saviour, for why will you wander? The world and its pleasures no long-er pur-sue; A-gain he is call-ing: how can you re-ject him? O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
3. A-way to the fountain, the life-giv-ing fountain, Its soul-cheering wa-ters your strength will renew; Then come while the day-beams of mer-cy are shin-ing, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.
4. A-way, for the shadows of night are approaching, Then lose not his blessings that fall like the dew; Still, still he is wait-ing and ten-der-ly call-ing, O brother, the Saviour is call-ing for you.

CHORUS.

Calling for you, he is calling for you, Brother, the Saviour is calling for you,

rit.

Call-ing, call-ing, Brother, the Saviour is calling for you.
Call-ing for you, he is call-ing for you,

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Yes, there is Pardon for You.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "Brightest and Best," by per.] HUBERT P. MAIN.

Slowly.

1. Oh, come to the Sav-iour, be-lieve in his name, And ask him your heart to re-new; He waits to be gracious, O turn not a-way, For now there is par-don for you.
2. The way of trans-gres-sion that leads un-to death, Oh, why will you long-er pur-sue? How can you re-ject the sweet mes-sage of love That of-fers full par-don for you?
3. Be warned of your dan-ger; es-cape to the cross; Your on-ly sal-va-tion is there; Be-lieve. and that moment the Spir-it of grace Will ans-wer your pen-i-tent prayer.

CHORUS.

Yes, there is par-don for you, . . . Yes, there is par-don for you; . . . for you, for you,

For Je-sus has died to redeem you, And offers full pardon to you.

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Some Glad Day.

C. J. B. — Chas. J. Butler.

1. I shall lay the cross a - side, Some day, some glad day;
2. I the sin - ners' friend shall see, Some day, some glad day;
3. I shall meet the friends of yore, Some day, some glad day;
4. I shall lean on Je - sus' breast, Some day, some glad day;

Safe - ly pass to Canaan's side, Some day, some glad day;
See the wounds once made for me, Some day, some glad day;
And with them the Lamb a - dore, Some day, some glad day;
Find a sweet, a per - fect rest, Some day, some glad day;

If I live a life of pray'r, And the cross for Je - sus bear,
I shall press close to his side, Who for me was cru - ci - fied,
There at Je - sus' sa- cred feet Saints of ev - 'ry clime I'll meet,
On that bright e - ter - nal shore All our sor- rows will be o'er,

I a glo - rious crown shall wear, Some day, some glad day.
And shall then be sat - is - fied, Some day, some glad day.
Hold with them commun - ion sweet, Some day, some glad day.
We shall meet to part no more, Some day, some glad day.

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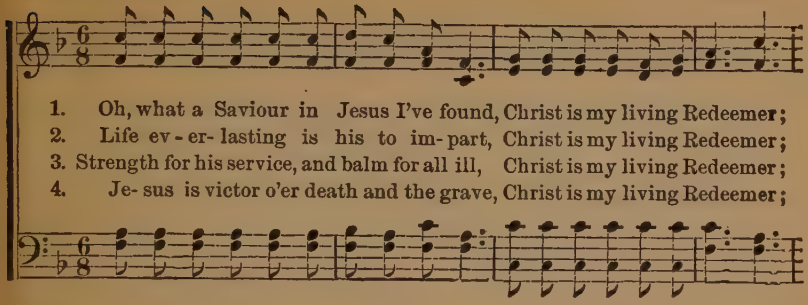
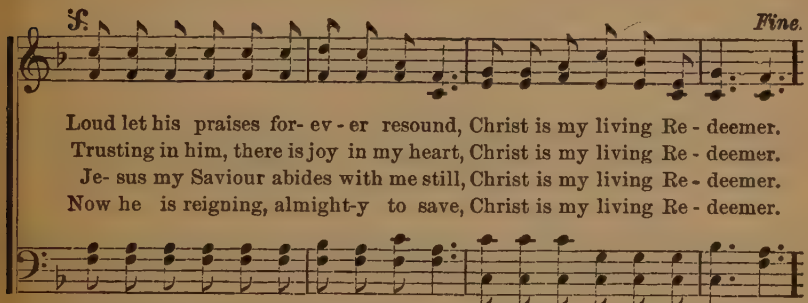
13 My Living Redeemer.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

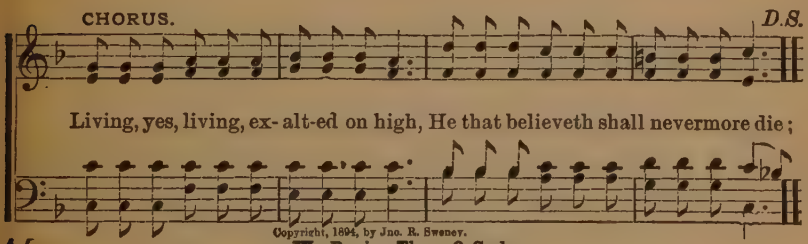


1. Oh, what a Saviour in Jesus I've found, Christ is my living Redeemer;
2. Life ev-er-lasting is his to im-part, Christ is my living Redeemer;
3. Strength for his service, and balm for all ill, Christ is my living Redeemer;
4. Je-sus is victor o'er death and the grave, Christ is my living Redeemer;



Loud let his praises for-ev-er resound, Christ is my living Re-deemer.
Trusting in him, there is joy in my heart, Christ is my living Re-deemer.
Je-sus my Saviour abides with me still, Christ is my living Re-deemer.
Now he is reigning, almight-y to save, Christ is my living Re-deemer.

D. S.—Oh, what a meeting will come, by and by, Christ is my living Re-deemer.



Living, yes, living, ex-alt-ed on high, He that believeth shall nevermore die;

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14 We Praise Thee, O God.

1 We praise thee, O God, for the Son of thy love, [above.
For Jesus who died and is now gone

Cho.—Hallelujah! thine the glory, hallelujah! amen; [us again.
Hallelujah! thine the glory, revive

2 We praise thee, O God, for thy Spirit of light, [scattered our night.
Who has shown us our Saviour, and

3 All glory and praise to the Lamb that was slain, [cleansed every stain.
Who has borne all our sins, and has

4 All glory and praise to the God of all grace, [and guided our ways.
Who has bought us, and sought us,

5 Revive us again; fill each heart with thy love; [from above.
May each soul be rekindled with fire

Rock in the Desert.

F. M. D.

FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. O Rock in the des - ert, I fly un - to thee, When tempest and
2. O Rock in the des - ert, my ref - uge and all, I hide in my
3. O Rock in the des - ert that gives perfect peace, That bringeth a

storms sweep my sky, I hide in the cleft that was riv - en for me,
weakness in thee; Thy love is a shield and I find sweet repose,
joy to my soul; I rest in thy shadow, I hide in thy cleft,

CHORUS.

For safe - ty on thee I re - ly. O Rock in the des - ert, I'm
Where grace is a- bundant and free.
Thy love does my spir - it con- trol.

hiding in thee, Till the storms of life's journey are past; Thou Rock of my

ref- uge, my soul safe - ly keep, O receive it in heav- en at last.

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Will Jesus Find us Watching?

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "Gospel Music," by per.] W. H. DOANE.

1. When Je - sus comes to re - ward his servants, Whether it be
2. If at the dawn of the ear - ly morning, He shall call us
3. Have we been true to the trust he left us? Do we seek to
4. Bles - sed are those whom the Lord finds watching, In his glo - ry

noon or night, Faith - ful to him will he find us watching,
one by one, When to the Lord we re - store our tal - ents,
do our best? If in our hearts there is naught condemns us,
they shall share; If he shall come at the dawn or midnight,

rit.

REFRAIN.

With our lamps all trimm'd and bright. Oh, can we say we are
Will he ans - wer thee—Well done?
We shall have a glo - rious rest.
Will he find us watch - ing there?

rea - dy, brother? Rea - dy for the soul's bright home? Say, will he

find you and me still watching, Waiting, waiting when the Lord shall come?

Copyright, 1876, by W. H. DOANE.

It Broke my Heart of Stone.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. Oh, what love Christ showed for me In his death on Cal - va - ry;
2. Oft on wings of faith I soar Where in blood my sins he bore,
3. Why, oh, why did Je - sus die, Die for one so vile as I?
4. Here and in my home a - bove I will praise him for his love;

Love like his was nev - er known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.
Where for all the world was shown Love that broke my heart of stone.
'Twas his love, his love a - lone, Love that broke my heart of stone.
Love that brought him from his throne, Love that broke my heart of stone.

CHORUS.

Je - sus' love, his love to me He displayed on Cal - va - ry;

Nev - er love like his was known, Oh, it broke my heart of stone.

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Is my Name written There?

M. A. K. FRANK M. DAVIS. By per.

1. Lord, I care not for rich - es, Neither sil - ver nor gold; I would make sure of
2. Lord, my sins they are ma-ny, Like the sands of the sea, But thy blood, Oh, my
3. Oh! that beau-ti - ful cit - y, With its mansions of light, With its glo - ri - fied

heaven, I would en - ter the fold. In the book of thy kingdom, With its
Sa-viour! Is suf - fi-cient for me; For thy promise is written, In bright
be - ings, In pure garments of white; Where no e- vil thing cometh, To de -

pa - ges so fair, Tell me, Je - sus, my Sav-iour, Is my name written there?
let - ters that glow, "Though your sins be as scarlet, I will make them like snow."
spoil what is fair; Where the angels are watching,—Is my name written there?

CHORUS.

Is my name writ - ten there, On the page white and fair?

In the book of thy king - dom, Is my name writ - ten there?

Escape to the Mountain.

FANNY J. CROSBY. Genesis xix: 17. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. A-wake, O ye careless, a-rise and a-way, The voice of the
2. The an-gel of mer-cy is call-ing a-gain, Stay not in the
3. The trump of the gos-pel is sounding once more, Your day of pro-
4. A dear, lov-ing Saviour still knocks at your heart, Now o-pen its

Spir-it is pleading to-day; A storm is ap-proaching, de-
val-ley, nor rest on the plain; Press onward, straight onward, and
ba-tion, ere long, may be o'er; God's heralds en-treat you, with
por-tals, nor let him de-part; Give heed to his message, re-

struction is nigh, Es-cape to the mountain, for why will ye die?
look not be-hind, But speed to your ref-uge, as fleet as the wind.
ur-gent command, Then why un-de-cid-ed, O why will you stand?
pent, and be-lieve; The par-don he of-fers with gladness re-ceive.

CHORUS.

Es-cape to the mountain, es-cape to the mountain, A storm is ap-

proaching, destruction is nigh; Be warned of your danger, O haste ere ye die.

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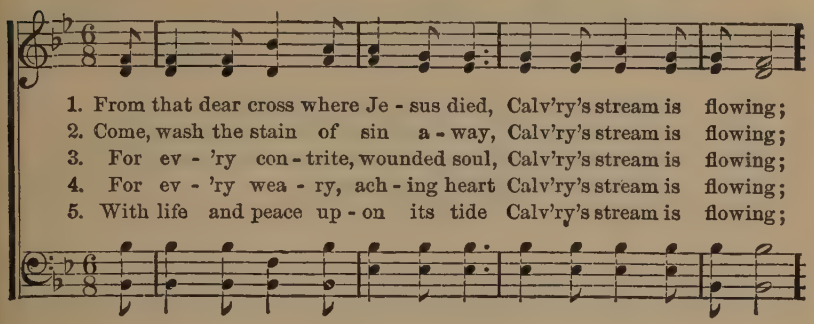
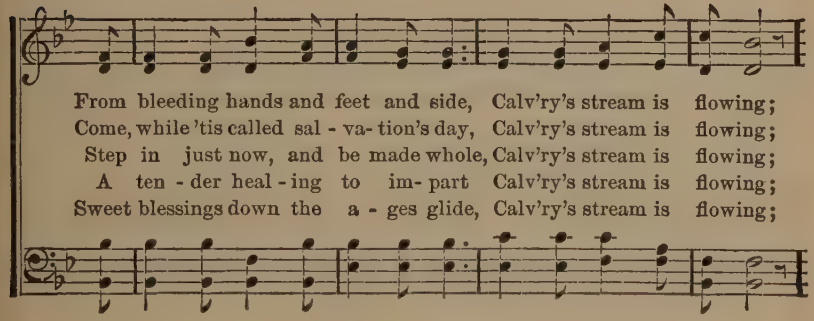
Calvary's Stream is Flowing.

Lidie H. Edmunds. Adapted and arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

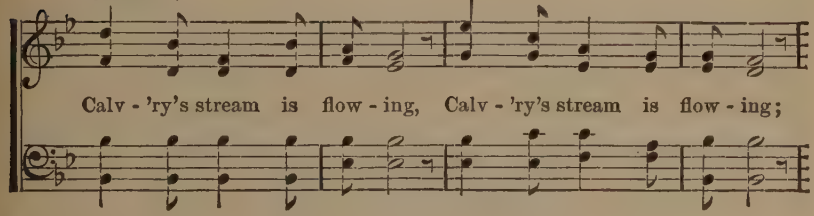


1. From that dear cross where Je - sus died, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
2. Come, wash the stain of sin a - way, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
3. For ev - 'ry con - trite, wounded soul, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
4. For ev - 'ry wea - ry, ach - ing heart Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
5. With life and peace up - on its tide Calv'ry's stream is flowing;

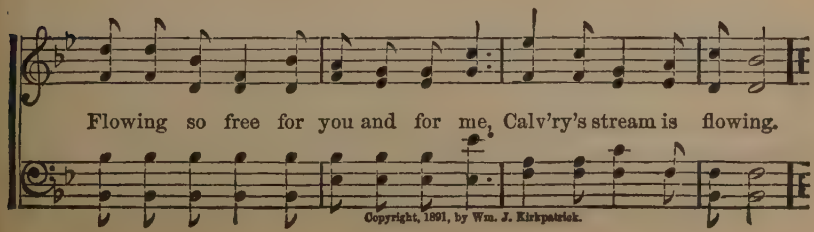


From bleeding hands and feet and side, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Come, while 'tis called sal - va- tion's day, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Step in just now, and be made whole, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
A ten - der heal - ing to im- part Calv'ry's stream is flowing;
Sweet blessings down the a - ges glide, Calv'ry's stream is flowing;

CHORUS.



Calv - 'ry's stream is flow - ing, Calv - 'ry's stream is flow - ing;



Flowing so free for you and for me, Calv'ry's stream is flowing.

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Jesus Promised Me a Home.

H. Lutton. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. There's a place in heav'n pre - pared for me, When the toils of this life are o'er; Where the saints, rob'd in white, shall for- ev - er be,
2. In my Fa- ther's home are mansions bright, Je- sus says it and I know 'tis true; There's a home for me, in that land of light,
3. Ma- ny dear ones we lov'd are be - fore the throne, In that happy, hap- py home on high; I shall walk with them thro' the streets of gold,
4. In that home a - bove, be - yond the skies, Soon from sickness, pain and death I'll be, There with Je - sus to reign for - ev - er- more,

CHORUS.

Singing prais - es for- ev - er - more. Je- sus promis'd me a home o - ver there, Je- sus promis'd me a home o - ver there; No more sickness, sorrow, pain or death, Je- sus promis'd me a home o- ver there.

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Shall we Meet?

H. L. Hastings. Elisha S. Rice.

1. Shall we meet beyond the riv-er, Where the surg- es cease to roll?
2. Shall we meet in that blest harbor, When our storm-y voyage is o'er?

Fine.

Where in all the bright for- ev - er, Sor - row ne'er shall press the soul?
Shall we meet and cast the anchor By the bright ce - les - tial shore?

D.S. *Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er, Where the surg - es cease to roll?*

Chorus. D.S.

Shall we meet, shall we meet, Shall we meet be - yond the riv - er?

3 Shall we meet in yonder city,
Where the towers of crystal shine?
Where the walls are all of jasper,
Built by workmanship divine?

4 Where the music of the ransomed
Rolls its harmony around,
And creation swells the chorus
With its sweet melodious sound?

5 Shall we meet there many a loved one,
That was torn from our embrace?
Shall we listen to their voices,
And behold them face to face?

6 Shall we meet with Christ our Saviour,
When he comes to claim his own?
Shall we know his blessed favor,
And sit down upon his throne?

23 The Child of a King.

1 My Father is rich in houses and lands,
He holdeth the wealth of the world in his hands!
Of rubies and diamonds, of silver and gold
His coffers are full,—he has riches untold.

Cho.—I'm the child of a King,
The child of a King;
With Jesus my Saviour
I'm the child of a King.

2 My Father's own Son, who saves us from sin, [men,
Once wandered o'er earth as the poorest of
But now he is reigning forever on high,
And will give me a home in heaven by and by.

3 I once was an outcast stranger on earth,
A sinner by choice, an alien by birth!
But I've been adopted, my name's written down,—
An heir to a mansion, a robe, and a crown.

4 A tent or a cottage, why should I care?
They're building a palace for me over there! [sing:
Though exiled from home, yet, still I may
All glory to God, I'm the child of a King.

A Smile from Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' kin-dred ties around us Like i - vy branches twine, Tho' life has man - y pleas-ures That o'er my path-way shine, Tho' words to friend-ship sa - cred More sweet than mu - sic fall, One look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

2. We meet in Christian con - verse, We speak of joys to come, We lift our eyes ex-pect - ant To E - den's bliss-ful home; Tho' sweet and prec - ious bless-ings With ev - 'ry mo - ment fall, One

3. One look, one smile from Je - sus, For whom our souls would live, Not heav'n's transcendant beau - ty Such ho - ly joy can give; Be- yond the si - lent riv - er Though spir-it voic - es call, One

:S: *Fine.*

D. S. look, one smile from Je - sus Is dear - er far than all.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

Dear - er, yes, dear - er, Dear - er far than all, One
Dearer than all, dear-er than all, Dear-er, yes, dear - er far than all.

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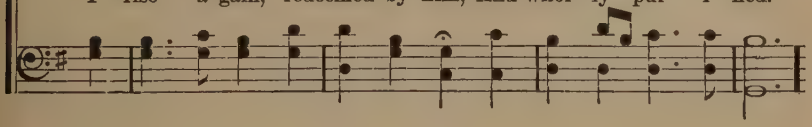
The Crimson Stream.

Rev. W. J. Stevenson. S. B. Ellenberger.

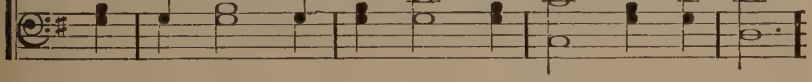
1. I stand be-side the crimson stream That flows from Calv'ry's mount,
2. The blood of Christ a-lone will save From guilt, and fear, and care;
3. I claim the promised bles-sing now, Freedom from ev-'ry sin,
4. I sink in-to the crimson stream, Christ's blood is now ap-plied?

And long to wash a-way all sin, With-in its cleans-ing fount.
His blood will sweetly pur-i-fy, When sought in ear-nest prayer.
The power to lead a ho-ly life, With Christ in God shut in.
I rise a-gain, redeemed by him, And whol-ly pur-i-fied.

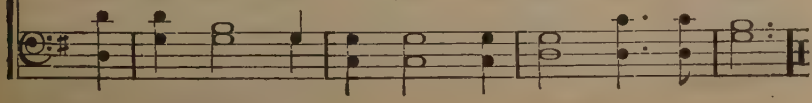


CHORUS.

Now wash me, now wash me, And cleanse me from sin;
Chorus to last verse:—
Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! I'm washed from all sin;



Now wash me, now wash me, And I shall be clean.
Halle-lu-jah! halle-lu-jah! Yes, now I am clean.



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Are You Ready?

Mary D. James. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Should the summons, quickly fly - ing, On the slumb'ring nations fall,—
2. What if now the startling man - date Should the sleeping virgins hear,—
3. Is there oil in all your ves - sels? Are your garments pure and white?
4. Rise! ye virgins,—sleep no long - er,—Lest the call your souls sur - prise!

Lo! the Heav'nly Bridegroom com - eth, Would the sound your souls ap-pal?
Are your lamps all trimmed and burn-ing? Should the Bridegroom now appear?
Are they washed in-the cleansing Fountain, Fit to stand in Je - sus' sight?
Lest ye fail to meet the Bride - groom, When he cometh from the skies.

Chorus.

Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Now to see your Lord appear!
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be rea - dy! Oh, be rea - dy! When he cometh from the skies;

Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Now to see your Lord appear?
Are you rea - dy? Are you rea - dy? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be rea - dy! Oh, be rea - dy! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

Are you ready? Are you ready? Should you hear the midnight call? Should you hear the midnight call?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Now to see your Lord appear? Now to see your Lord ap- pear?
Are you ready? Are you ready? Are your lamps all clear and bright? Are your lamps all clear and bright?
Oh, be ready! Oh, be ready! Hasten, from your slumbers rise! Hasten, from your slumbers rise!

Out of Christ.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, Oh! can it, can it be?
2. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, Lone - ly and dark the way;
3. Out of Christ, without a Saviour, No help nor ref - uge nigh;

Like a ship without a rud- der, On a wild and storm- y sea!
With no light, no hope in Je - sus, Making bright the cheerless day.
How can you, my friend and brother, Dare to live or dare to die?

CHORUS.

Oh! to be without a Saviour, With no hope nor ref - uge nigh;

Can it be, O bless- ed Saviour, One without thee dares to die?

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He Saves Completely.

HARRIET E. JONES. "Mighty to save."—Isa. lxiii: 1. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. In the shadow of his wings I am resting sweetly, And the soul with-
2. When the storms around me beat, "It is I," says Je- sus, "Safe the rock be-
3. When his promi - ses I trust, I'll not be confounded, Righteous is my

in me sings, Fill'd with love completely; Je - sus holds me in his care,
neath your feet," Says a voice so precious; Rock of Safety, wings of Love,
Lord, and just, And his love un- bounded; Lord of lords, and King of kings,

In my home and ev - 'rywhere, All my grief and joy to share;
Firm be - low and bright a- bove, Naught from Christ my soul shall move;
Welcome what - so - e'er he brings, I am shelter'd by his wings,

CHORUS.

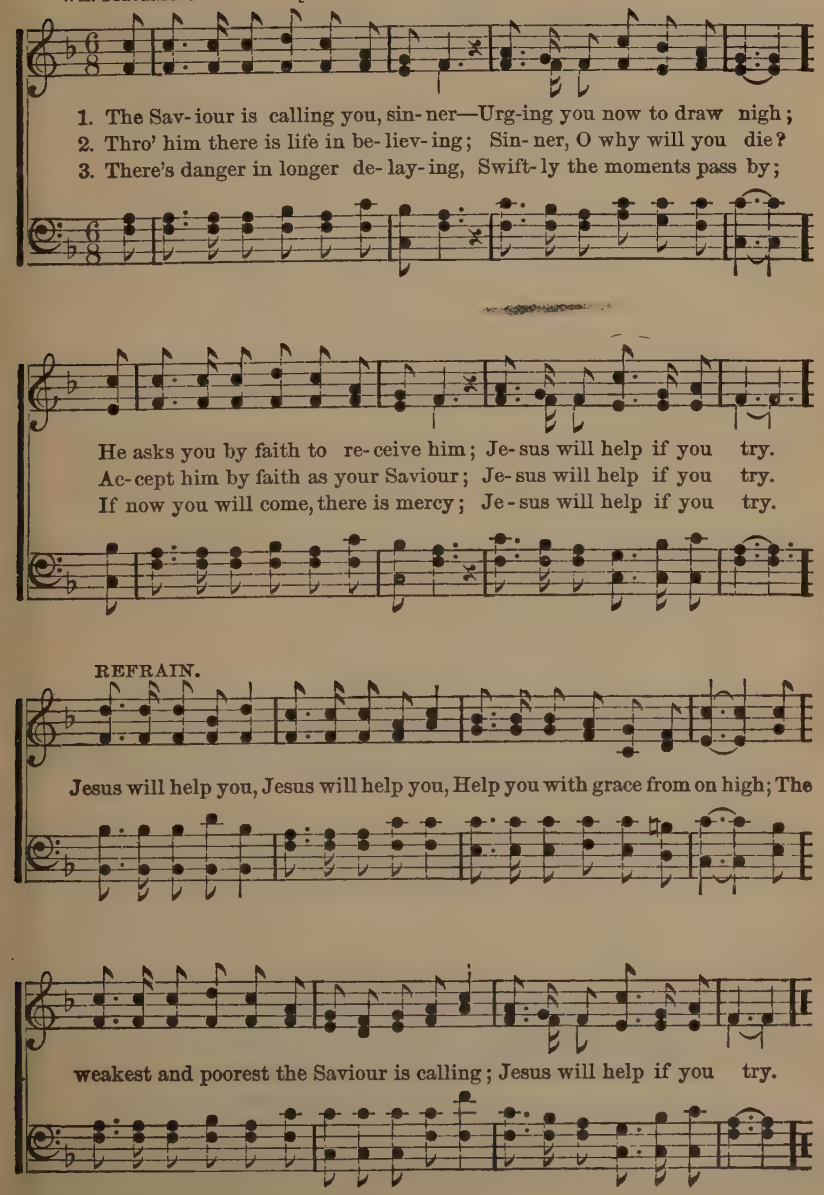
Oh, he saves completely. O the shelter of his wings, O the joy his
Precious, precious Je- sus.
In his love am grounded.

sweet love brings, O the songs my glad heart sings, While he saves completely.

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

Jesus will Help You.

Wm. Stevenson. [From "Good as Gold, by per."] Rev. R. Lowry.



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Who will Follow Jesus?

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Who will follow Je - sus, Standing for the right, Holding up his banner
2. Who will follow Je - sus In life's busy ways, Working for the Master,
3. Who will follow Jesus? When the tempter charms, Fleeing then, for safety
4. Who will follow Je - sus In his work of love? Leading others to him,

In the thickest fight? List'ning for his or - ders, Read- y to o- bey,
Giving him the praise? Earnest in his vineyard, Hon- or- ing his laws,
To the Saviour's arms; Trusting in his mer - cy, Trusting in his power,
Lifting prayers above; Courage, faithful servant; In his word we see,

CHORUS.

Who will follow Je - sus, Serving him to-day? Who will follow Je- sus?
Faithful to his counsel, Watchful for his cause?
Seeking fresh renewals Of his grace each hour.
On our side forev - er Will this Saviour be.

Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?" Who will follow

Je- sus? Who will make reply, "I am on the Lord's side, Master, here am I?"

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31 Come, Brother, and Join with Me.

H. E. S. HOWARD E. SMITH.

1. My sins I've laid at Je- sus' feet, Come, brother, and join with me;
2. I have a friend, a friend indeed, Come, brother, and join with me;
3. I'll join the lov'd ones o- ver there, Come, brother, and join with me;
4. Unsaved one, now the Saviour meet, Come, brother, and join with me;

I've found a rest so pure and sweet, Come, brother, and join with me.
Who ne'er will leave in time of need, Come, brother, and join with me.
In yonder home so bright and fair, Come, brother, and join with me.
There's pardon at the mer - cy - seat, Come, brother, and join with me.

CHORUS.

Come, brother, and join with me, . . . Come, brother, and join with me; . . .
and join with me, and join with me;

I've found a rest so pure and sweet, Come, brother, and join with me.

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I am Thine.

Rev. JOHN PARKER. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. My God, thy mer- cies gird me round, Thy help is ev - er near,
2. By day by night, by shade by light I have thy shelt'ring wing;
3. I'll praise the Lord for mer- cies past, For mer - cies yet to come,
4. Home, where my hopes are anchor'd fast, Home, where my friends have gone,

And all thy gifts to me abound; I have no cause for fear.
And in thine all-surround- ing might I trust, I rest, I sing.
For sure thy goodness still shall last Till thou shalt bring me home.
And where I too shall rest at last, When toils and tears are done.

CHORUS.

For I am thine and thou art mine, Sav - iour ev - er near;

O fill my heart with per- fect love, Ban - ish ev - 'ry fear.

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Let the Master In.

Rev. S. D. Phelps. D. D. [From "Pure Gold," by per.] Rev. R. Lowry.

1. Once I heard a sound at my heart's dark door, And was roused from the slum-ber of sin; It was Jesus knock'd, he had knock'd before; Now I
2. Then he spread a feast of re-deem-ing love, And he made me his own hap-py guest; In my joy I thought that the saints above Could be
3. In the ho - ly war with the foes of truth, He's my Shield, he my ta - ble pre-pares. He re-stores my soul, he renews my youth, And gives
4. He will feast me still with his pres-ence dear, And the love he so free - ly hath given, While his promise tells, as I serve him here, of the

CHORUS.

said, Blessed Mas - ter, come in. Then o - pen, o - pen,
hard - ly more fa - vored or blest.
tri-umph in an - swer to prayers.
ban-quet of glo - ry in heaven. Then o - pen to him, o - pen to him,

O - pen; let the Mas - ter in; For the heart will be
let him in,

bright with a heaven - ly light, When you let the Mas - ter in.

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By and by.

ANNA H. C. HOWARD. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There will be no sin nor pain By and by, by and by, All that's
2. Then life's lessons we shall learn By and by, by and by, Je-sus'
3. We shall see him eye to eye By and by, by and by, We shall

dark will be made plain By and by, by and by; For the
voice we shall dis-cern By and by, by and by. He will
meet him in the sky By and by, by and by. We shall

Lord will come a-gain, Oh, how glo-ri-ous his reign!—Like the
ban-ish ev-'ry sigh; Let us lift our heads on high, Our re-
hear his ten-der tone, We shall be no more a-lone, He is

CHORUS.

sunshine af-ter rain, By and by, by and by. By and by,
demption draweth nigh By and by, by and by.
com-ing to his own By and by, by and by. yes,

by and by, With our loved ones we shall meet, And the story oft re-

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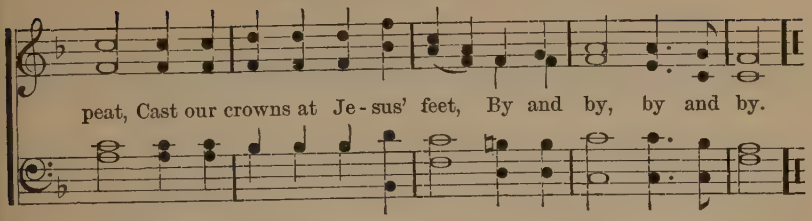
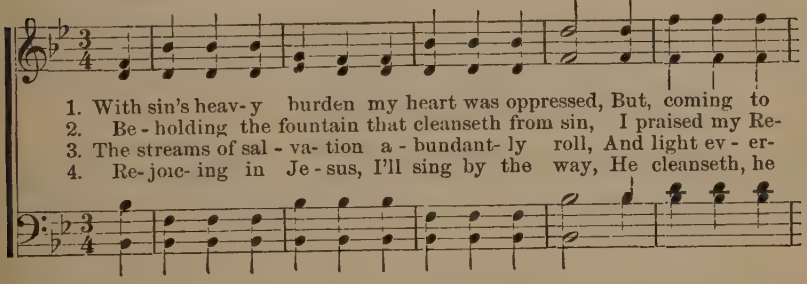
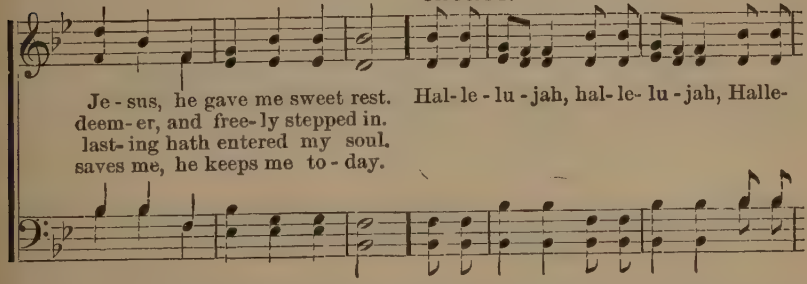


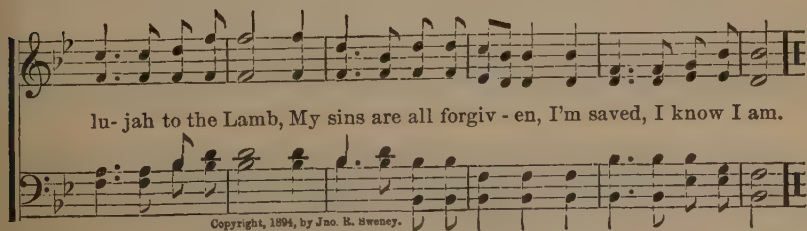
35 I'm Saved, I Know I am.

L. H. Edmunds. Jno. S. Robson.



CHORUS.





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5 Oh, that all the world my Redeemer might know,
And wash in the fountain that maketh like snow!

6 Dear friend, come to Jesus, and find in his love
A foretaste, sweet foretaste of glory above.

Salvation's River.

R. Kelso Carter. S. C. Foster.

1. { Down at the cross, on Calvary's mountain, Where mer - cies flow,
When nothing in the whole cre - a - tion Could purchase peace,

I plunged in the redeem - ing fountain, Washed whiter than the snow. }
My Saviour brought his free salva - tion, Gave me complete re - lease.

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CHORUS.

Broth - ers, wont you hear the sto - ry? See the fount - ain flow!

Oh, glo - ry in the highest, glo - ry! Je - sus saves me, this I know.

2 When lost in sin, my all I squandered,
Far from the fold:
My Saviour sought me where I wandered,
Gave me his wealth untold.
All bonds of sin and Satan rending,
Christ made me whole:
I'll ne'er forget that joy transcending,
When Jesus saved my soul.

3 All round my way the sun is shining,
Darkness has fled:
On Jesus' breast I am reclining,
Daily by him I'm fed.
My Lord has cast his robe around me,
No more I'll roam;
The Shepherd of the sheep has found me,
Jesus has brought me home.

The Promise is Dated To-day.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. "Now is the day of salvation."—2 Cor. vi: 2. John J. Hood.

Moderato.

1. The promise assures us that all who believe Can come to the
2. But lest we should wait till the last hour shall come Be - fore we re -
3. A pres- ent sal- va- tion from Sa- tan and sin,— A glo - ri - ous

Saviour and pardon receive; Each promise is giv- en and dat- ed "to-day,"
turn to our Father and home, He writes the word "now" in a message so clear,
cleansing, without and within; O glo- ry to Jesus, who meets all our need,

CHORUS.

And when we present it, he'll not turn away. "To-day" is the day, and
We claim at this moment the promise so dear.
For "now" and "to-day" on each promise we read.

"now" is the hour, When Jesus will come with his life-giv- ing pow'r; We

hear his sweet voice, his promise we claim, And pardon we find in his blessed name.

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Coming Home To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. 'Tis the gospel message, Hark! we hear it say, Leave the world for Jesus,
2. Who- so- ev - er thirsteth, Let them now draw near To the waters flowing
3. Leave the world for Jesus, Cling to him a- lone: Oh, the tender mer- cy

Haste without delay; Leave the world for Jesus, Happy we shall be; We are coming,
Ever bright and clear, To the living waters Welcome all shall be: We are coming,
Thro' the Saviour shown; From the yoke of bondage He has made us free; We are, etc.,

CHORUS.

glad- ly coming, Lord, to thee. Coming home to-day, Coming home to-day,

We are coming, gladly coming, Coming, Lord, to thee: Coming home to- day,

Coming home to-day, We are coming, gladly coming, Singing all the way.

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Wonderful Story of Love.

J. M. D. Rev. J. M. Driver. By per.

1. Wonderful story of love: Tell it to me a - gain; Wonderful
2. Wonderful story of love: Tho' you are far a - way; Wonderful
3. Wonderful story of love: Jesus provides a rest; Wonderful

sto - ry of love: Wake the immor- tal strain! Angels with rapture an-
sto - ry of love: Still he doth call to - day; Calling from Calvary's
sto - ry of love: For all the pure and blest; Rest in those mansions a-

nounce it, Shepherds with wonder receive it; Sinner, oh! won't you believe it?
mountain, Down from the crystal bright fountain, E'en from the dawn of creation,
bove us, With those who've gone on before us, Singing the rapturous chorus,

CHORUS.

Wonderful story of love. Won - der ful! won-
Wonder- ful sto - ry of love: Wonder- ful

der - ful! Won - der - ful! Wonderful story of love!
story of love: Wonderful story of love:

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40 I'll Sing my Dear Redeemer's Praise.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I'll sing my dear Redeemer's praise, "Rejoice with me" to-day, For Jesus
2. I heard a voice that filled the night With music pure and sweet, I felt a
3. He led me to his pastures green, Where streams of mercy flow, And taught my
4. Oh, sweeter yet that song shall rise, Until his face I see, And tell the

CHORUS.

smiled upon my soul, And took my sins away. Oh, glory to his name And his
touch that healed my wounds, And drew me to his feet.
heart the happy song None but his ransomed know.
wond'ring angels 'round, That Jesus died for me.

wondrous love proclaim, I'll shout his praise on high;
I'll sing redeeming love To the

shining hosts a- bove, And behold his face in glo- ry by and by.

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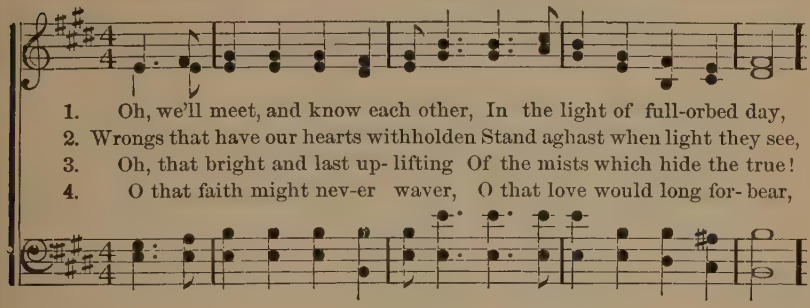
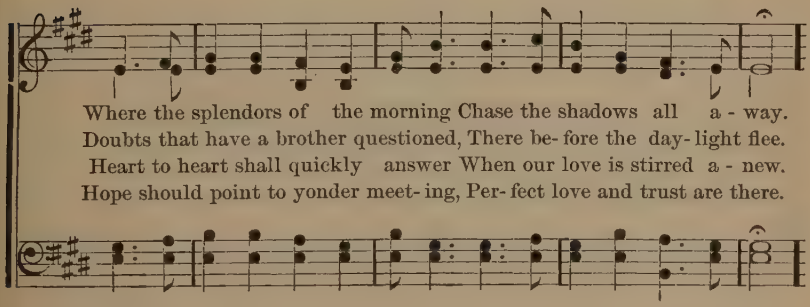
We'll Know Each Other.

Mrs. E. C. Ellsworth. [From "The Wells of Salvation," by per.] Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

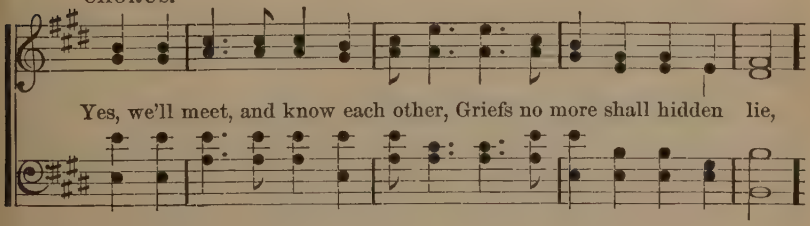


1. Oh, we'll meet, and know each other, In the light of full-orbed day,
2. Wrongs that have our hearts withholden Stand aghast when light they see,
3. Oh, that bright and last up- lifting Of the mists which hide the true!
4. O that faith might nev-er waver, O that love would long for- bear,

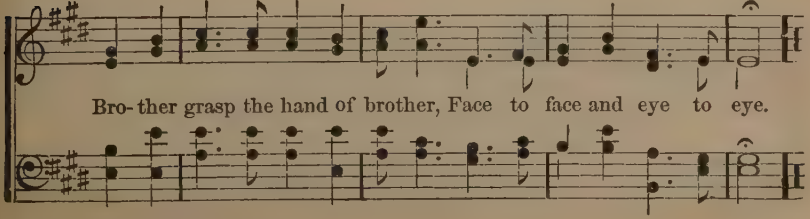


Where the splendors of the morning Chase the shadows all a - way.
Doubts that have a brother questioned, There be- fore the day- light flee.
Heart to heart shall quickly answer When our love is stirred a - new.
Hope should point to yonder meet- ing, Per- fect love and trust are there.

CHORUS.



Yes, we'll meet, and know each other, Griefs no more shall hidden lie,



Bro- ther grasp the hand of brother, Face to face and eye to eye.

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Yes, I will go.

F. J. C. [From "Our Sabbath Home," by per.] Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There's a voice in my heart, and I hear it to-day; But why do I
2. There's a voice in my heart, and it whispers to me That, if I will
3. There's a voice in my heart, and how gentle its tone,—He waits to re-
4. Oh, that voice in my heart I will hear and o-bey, I will not re-

lin - ger? what keeps me a-way? 'Tis Je - sus my Sav - iour, I
trust him, my friend he will be; The print of the nails in his
ceive me and make me his own; My soul must be saved thro' his
ject him, I will not de-lay; To him, my Redeem - er, I

must not de - lay, Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
hands I can see; Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
mer - its a - lone; Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.
hast - en to - day,—Gent - ly he calls, I will go to him now.

CHORUS.

Yes, I will go, yes, I will go, Loving-ly, joyful - ly go to him now;

Je-sus is near, and I know he will hear If I trustingly go to him now.

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Good Morning in Glory.

E. B. Mrs. Estelle Bryant.

1. We'll say "good morning" in glory, When work of this life is done; We'll
2. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To ransomed from ev'ry land; We'll
3. We'll say "good morning" in glory, To those who have conquer'd pain; We'll

say "good morning" in glory, When victory's crown has been won; Af- ter the
say "good morning" in glory, U - nited at God's right hand; Af- ter the
say "good morning" in glory, To lowly ones cleansed from stain; Coming—the

night and sorrow, After the cross and care, All shall be peace to-morrow,
dai - ly dying, Burdens we sought to share," There shall be no more crying,"
end of sadness, Coming—the end of care, Coming—e - ternal gladness,

CHORUS.

We'll say "good morning" there. Good morning, good morning,
Good morning, good morning,

1 2

When gather'd around the throne; With Jesus is "home, sweet home."
good morning; sweet home.

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Tell it to Jesus.

J. E. Rankin, D. D. Matt. xiv. 12. E. S. Lorenz.

1. Are you wea - ry, are you heavy-heart - ed? Tell it to Je - sus,
2. Do the tears flow down your cheeks unbidden? Tell it to Je - sus,
3. Do you fear the gath'ring clouds of sor- row? Tell it to Je - sus,
4. Are you trou- bled at the thought of dy- ing? Tell it to Je - sus,

Tell it to Je - sus; Are you griev - ing o - ver joys de-part - ed?
Tell it to Je - sus; Have you sins that to man's eye are hid - den?
Tell it to Je - sus; Are you anx- ious what shall be to - mor- row?
Tell it to Je - sus; For Christ's coming Kingdom are you sigh - ing?

CHORUS.

Tell it to Je-sus a-lone. Tell it to Je-sus, Tell it to Je-sus,

He is a friend that's well known; You have no oth - er

such a friend or broth - er, Tell it to Je - sus a - lone.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Just Leave It All with Jesus.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. When storms are sweeping o'er thy way, Just leave it all with Je - sus;
2. When friends have prov'd themselves untrue, Just leave it all with Je - sus;
3. Does sorrow cause thy tears to start? Just leave it all with Je - sus;
4. And when the time has come to die, Just leave it all with Je - sus;

He's watching o'er thee night and day, Just leave it all with Je - sus.
The dearest friend man ev - er knew, Just leave it all with Je - sus.
He'll fold thee to his lov- ing heart, Just leave it all with Je - sus.
He'll take thee to his home on high, Just leave it all with Je - sus.

CHORUS.

Yes, leave it all with Je - sus, Our precious, precious Je - sus;

Thro' faith or sight, by day or night, Just leave it all with Je - sus.

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Give me Jesus.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Take the world, but give me Je - sus,—All its joys are but a name;
2. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Sweetest com - fort of my soul;
3. Take the world, but give me Je - sus, Let me view his constant smile;
4. Take the world, but give me Je - sus; In his cross my trust shall be,

But his love a - bid - eth ev - er, Through e-ter - nal years the same.
With my Sav - iour watching o'er me I can sing, though billows roll.
Then throughout my pil- grim journey Light will cheer me all the while.
Till, with clear-er, brighter vis - ion, Face to face my Lord I see.

O the height and depth of mer - cy, O the length and breadth of love.

O the ful - ness of redemption, Pledge of end - less life a- bove.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Rejoicing Evermore.

JOHN NEWTON. R. E. HUDSON

1. Tho' troubles as -sail, and dang - ers affright, Tho' friends should all
2. The birds, without barn or storehouse, are fed; From them let us
3. When Sa - tan appears to stop up our path, And fills us with
4. He tells us we're weak,—our hope is in vain: The good that we

CHORUS.—Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-

fail, and foes all u - nite, Yet one thing secures us, whatev - er be-
learn to trust for our bread, His saints, what is fitting, shall ne'er be de-
fears, we tri - umph by faith; He cannot take from us, tho' oft he has
seek we ne'er shall obtain: But when such suggestions our graces have

joice, re-joice in the Lord, Yes, I will re-joice, re-joice in the

D. C.

tide, The prom - ise as-sures us,— the Lord will pro - vide.
nied, So long as 'tis written,— the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, The heart-cheer-ing promise,— the Lord will pro - vide.
tried, This ans - wers all questions,— the Lord will pro - vide.

Lord, Will joy in the God of my sal - va - tion.

5 No strength of our own, nor goodness we claim; [name:
Our trust is all thrown on Jesus' great
In this our strong tower for safety we hide;
The Lord is our power,—the Lord will provide,

6 When life sinks apace, and death is in view,
The word of his grace shall comfort us through: [our side,
Not fearing or doubting, with Christ on
We hope to die shouting,—the Lord will provide,

From "Salvation Echoes," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Jesus Saves.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We have heard a joy - ful sound, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
2. Waft it on the roll - ing tide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,
3. Sing a - bove the bat- tle's strife, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
4. Give the winds a might - y voice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves,

Spread the glad- ness all a- round, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Tell to sin - ners, far and wide, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
By his death and end- less life, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;
Let the na - tions now re - joice, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves;

Bear the news to ev - 'ry land, Climb the steeps and cross the waves,
Sing, ye is - lands of the sea, E - cho back, ye o - cean caves,
Sing it soft - ly thro' the gloom, When the heart for mer - cy craves,
Shout sal - va - tion full and free, High- est hills and deep- est caves,

Onward, 'tis our Lord's command, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Earth shall keep her ju - bi - lee, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
Sing in tri - umph o'er the tomb, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.
This our song of vic - to - ry, Je - sus saves, Je - sus saves.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

I am Saved.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am sav'd! the Lord hath sav'd me, Help me shout the glorious news!
2. Loud I sing my ex-ul-ta-tion, Hoping it will reach the skies,
3. Free sal-va-tion! glad sal-va-tion! Let us shout from pole to pole,
4. When at last the days are gathered In-to thy great judgment one,

I have tast-ed God's sal-va-tion, And 'tis sweet as honeyed dews.
Keep, dear Lord, my soul for-ev-er Under thy pro-tecting eyes.
Un-til each dis-eas-ed na-tion Feels that God hath made it whole.
May I find my name deep written, In the re-cords of thy Son.

CHORUS.

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I re-joice sal-vation came;

Glo-ry, glo-ry, hal-le-lu-jah! I am saved in Jesus' name.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

We Shall Know.

ANNIE HERBERT. J. H. ANDERSON.

1. When the mists have roll'd in splendor From the beau- ty of the hills,
2. If we err, in hu - man blindness, And for-get that we are dust;
3. When the mists have risen above us, As our Fath- er knows his own,

And the sunshine, warm and tender, Falls in kiss - es on the rills,
If we miss the law of kindness When we struggle to be just,
Face to face with those that love us, We shall know as we are known;

We may read love's shining let - ter In the rain- bow of the spray,—
Snowy wings of peace shall cover All the plain that hides a- way,—
Love, beyond the o - rient meadows Floats the golden fringe of day,

We shall know each oth- er bet - ter When the mists have cleared away.
When the wea - ry watch is o - ver, And the mists have cleared away.
Heart to heart, we bide the shadows, Till the mists have cleared away.

From "The Welcome," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

We Shall Know.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

We shall know . . as we are known, Never more . . to walk a-

We shall know as we are known, Never-more

lone, In the dawn - - ing of the morn - ing, When the

to walk a - lone, In the dawning of the morn - ing,

mists . . have cleared away; In the dawn - - ing of the

When the mists have cleared away; In the dawning

morn - ing, When the mists . . . have cleared away.

When the mists have cleared a- way.

51 It is Good to be Here.

Rev. I. N. Wilson — Jno. R. Sweney, by per.

:S:

1. { While we bow in thy name, Oh, meet us a-gain, Fill our
May the Spir - it of grace, And the smiles of thy face, Gent - ly

D. S.—light streaming down makes the pathway all clear, It is

Fine. REFRAIN.

hearts with the light of thy love; } It is good to be here, it is
fall on us now from a - bove.

good for us, Lord, to be here.

D. S.

good to be here, Thy perfect love now drives a- way all our fear, And

2 Our souls long for thee;
Oh, may we now see
A sin-cleansing blood-wave appear;
And feel, as it rolls
In power o'er our souls,
It is good for us, Lord, to be here.

3 Thou art with us, we know;
We feel the sweet flow [tide;
Of the sin-cleansing wave's gladd'ning
We are washed from our sin,
Made all holy within,
And in Jesus we sweetly abide.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

52 OH, HOW HAPPY ARE THEY.

Tune and Chorus above.

Oh, how happy are they
Who the Saviour obey,
And have laid up their treasures above;
Tongue can never express
The sweet comfort and peace
Of a soul in its earliest love.

2 That sweet comfort was mine,
When the favor divine
I received thro' the blood of the Lamb;
When my heart first believed,
What a joy I received—
What a heaven in Jesus' name!

3 'Twas a heaven below
My Redeemer to know,
And the angels could do nothing more
Than to fall at his feet,
And the story repeat,
And the Lover of sinners adore.

4 Jesus, all the day long,
Was my joy and my song;
Oh, that all his salvation might see:
He hath loved me, I cried,
He hath suffered and died,
To redeem even rebels like me.

Sailing in the Ark.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. On the floods of despair I was drift - ing, Sinking fast was my
2. On this blessed old ship there's no dan - ger, She can sail in the
3. In the ark I've no fear of the tempt - er, For the Captain each
4. By and by she will float in the har - bor, When the tide reaches

poor, trembling bark; But a vessel I found That for heaven was bound, And
light or the dark; For her compass is sure, And her anchor secure, Praise
signal doth mark; And I'm safe here from sin, Since the Lord shut me in, Se-
high water mark; But while safe under way I will shout night and day, Praise

CHORUS.

now I am sailing in the ark.
God, I am sailing in the ark.
cure, I am sailing in the ark.
God, I am sailing in the ark.

I am sailing in the ark, hal - le-

lu - jah! I fear not the waters deep and dark; Let the storm-clouds roll,

rit. ad lib.

They can never harm my soul, Halle - lujah! I am sailing in the ark.

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I am Glad I've been Set Free.

HARRY STEPHENS. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me On the
2. When the storms of life are o'er, I shall land upon the shore, And sing
3. I shall see the warriors bold, Who were slain in days of old, For the

cross of Calva- ry, Hal- le - lu - jah! For my sins are wash'd away, And I'm
praises evermore, Hal- le - lu - jah! I shall wear a crown of gold, And I
sto- ry having told Of my Saviour; I shall wear a robe of white, And shall

CHORUS.

happy all the day, As I trust him all the way, Hal- le - lujah! Hal- le-
shall my Lord behold, When the pearly gates unfold, Hal- le - lujah!
walk the streets of light, Always in my Saviour's sight, Halle - lujah! (*Faster.*)

lujah! hallelujah! I am glad I've been set free, By the blood Christ shed for me;

Hal- le- lu - jah! halle - lu - jah! I am glad I've been set free, Hallelujah!

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Happy Tidings.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! the sound! Hear the joyful e - cho
2. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! they say, Do not slight the warning,
3. Tidings, happy tidings, Hark! hark! a - gain! Rushing o'er the mountain,

Thro' the world resound; Christ the Lord proclaims them, Hear and heed the call,
Come, oh, come to-day; Christ, our lov- ing Sav- iour, Still repeats the call,
Sweeping o'er the plain; Onward goes the message, 'Tis the Saviour's call,

REFRAIN.

Come, ye starving ones that perish, Room, room for all. Whoso- ev - er ask- eth,
Come, ye weary, hea- vy- laden, Room, room for all.
Come, for ev'rything is ready, Room, room for all.

Jesus will receive; Whosoever thirsteth, Jesus will relieve; See the living

waters, Flowing full and free; Oh, the blessed whosoever! That means me.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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I'm Going with the Angels.

Rev. JOHNSON OATMAN, Jr. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. With an- gels bright to yonder shore I'm go- ing by and by, When
2. Ce - les - tial glo- ries to be- hold, I'm go- ing by and by, To
3. To join my lov'd ones gone before, I'm go- ing by and by, To
4. To where my mansion waits for me, I'm go- ing by and by, Where

here on earth I walk no more, I'm going by and by; Where harps of angels
walk upon the streets of gold, I'm going by and by; To rest beside the
live with them forevermore, I'm going by and by; To where we'll see no
I those jasper walls shall see, I'm going by and by; To where my Saviour

ev - er ring, I'm going by and by, To join the song the ransom'd sing,
crystal sea, I'm going by and by, To shout thro' all e - ter - ni - ty,
weeping eye, I'm going by and by, To that fair cit - y in the sky,
bids me come, I'm going by and by, To dwell with him in yon blest home,

CHORUS.

I'm going by and by. Going by and by, Going by and
Go- ing, go - ing by and by, Go- ing, go - ing

by; To dwell with Christ in yon blest home, I'm going by and by.
by and by,

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Will You Come?

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Hear the ear-nest in - vi - ta - tion, Wand'rer from the path of right,
2. Christian souls are fervent pray - ing, Ho - ly Spir - it, send thy light,
3. Angels near us, eag - er bending, Friends beloved from homes of light,
4. Hear the Saviour in - ter - ced - ing, Nor his gracious mes-sage slight;

Je - sus of - fers his sal - va-tion; Will you come to Christ to - night?
Why a - far in darkness stray-ing? Why not come to Christ to-night?
With our hearts their question blending, Will you come to Christ to-night?
Will you pass his cross un - heed - ing? Oh, re-turn to Christ to - night.

CHORUS.

Will you come? will you come? Come and at his al - tar bow:

Will you come? will you come? Jesus waits to save you now.

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Brother, will You Go?

Wm. Woodward. Mrs. W. V. Baker.

1. A- way beyond the stars which the midnight sky un- folds, There are
2. There-are cities rich in grandeur in - viting you to come, And
3. There leap the lame for joy, there the blind receive their sight; There
4. But, one will meet us there who has been our heart's de- light, Whose

scenes of rar- est beauty, and pal - a - ces of gold; And o'er that lovely
who can tell the wealth of a heavenly cit - y home? Its rural scenes, its
ears long closed to sound will be ravished with delight; There tongues that never
praises we have sung thro' the sleepless hours of night; How sweet the thought that

prospect there falls no winter's snow, There warblers sing in endless spring, O
mansions, its crystal streams that flow, All, all are free for you and me, O
uttered a sentence here be - low, Burst into song through ages long, O
Jesus we then shall see and know, Who by his grace prepared that place, O

brother, will you go? There warblers sing in endless spring, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? All, all are free for you and me, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? Burst into song through ages long, O brother, will you go?
brother, will you go? Who by his grace prepared that place, O brother, will you go?

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Join, ye Sons of Men.

"The chiefest among ten thousand; yea, he is the altogether lovely."
Solomon's Song.

W. S. M. W. S. MARTIN.

1. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, Yea, he is the
2. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly; Sweet - er than the
3. Je - sus is the Al - togeth - er Love - ly, O - pen now thy

fair - est of the fair; Oh, who is there in heaven a - bove be-
hon - ey is his word: 'Tis filled with precious prom - is - es of
heart to him a - lone, For in his death and glo - rious res - ur-

D.S.—See him on the cross for man's sal-

CHORUS.

Fine.

side him, Who on earth can with my Lord compare? Join, ye sons of
mer - cy For the soul who puts his trust in God.
rec - tion He to us the grace of God hath shown.

va - tion, Suffering death and bearing sin and shame.

D.S.

men, in a - dor - a - tion, Give to him the hon - or due his name;

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Redeemed.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Redeemed, how I love to proclaim it, Redeemed by the blood of the Lamb;
2. Redeemed, and so happy in Je - sus, No language my rapture can tell,
3. I think of my blessed Redeemer, I think of him all the day long,
4. I know I shall see in his beauty The King in whose law I de - light,
5. I know there's a crown that is waiting In yonder bright mansion for me,

Redeemed thro' his infi- nite mer - cy, His child and forev - er I am.
I know that the light of his presence With me doth continual - ly dwell.
I sing, for I cannot be si - lent, His love is the theme of my song.
Who loving- ly guardeth my footsteps, And giveth me songs in the night,
And soon, with the spirits made perfect, At home with the Lord I shall be.

REFRAIN.

Re - deemed, re - deemed, redeemed by the blood of the Lamb,
redeemed, redeemed,

Re - deemed, re - deemed, His child and forev - er I am.
redeemed, redeemed,

Copyright, 1882, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Rock that is Higher than I.

E. JOHNSON. WM. G FISCHER.

1. Oh, sometimes the shadows are deep, And rough seems the path to the goal.
2. Oh, sometimes how long seems the day, And sometimes how weary my feet;
3. Oh, near to the Rock let me keep, Or blessings, or sorrows prevail;

And sorrows, sometimes how they sweep Like tempests down over the soul.
But toil - ing in life's dusty way, The Rock's blessed shadow, how sweet!
Or climbing the mountain-way steep, Or walking the shadow- y vale.

CHORUS.

Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high- er than I: Oh, then, to the Rock let me fly, let me fly, To the Rock that is high - er than I.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

The Story that Never Grows Old.

JOHN H. YATES. M. L. MCPHAIL.

1. How dear to my heart is the sto - ry of old, The sto - ry that
2. It came to my heart when, all fettered by sin, I sat in the
3. It comes to my soul when the tempter is nigh With snares for my

ev - er is new, The message that saints of all a - ges have told,
pris- on of doubt: Like an - gel of old, the glad sto- ry came in
way-wea- ry feet; It tells of the Rock that is high- er than I,

D.S.—sto - ry so dear, bringing heaven so near,

Fine. CHORUS.

The message so ten- der and true. The sto - ry that nev- er grows
And led me triumphant - ly out.
And leads to its bliss- ful re - treat.

Sweet sto - ry that nev- er grows old.

D.S.

old, ... Though o - ver and o - ver 'tis told: . . . . The
nev - er grows old, 'tis told:

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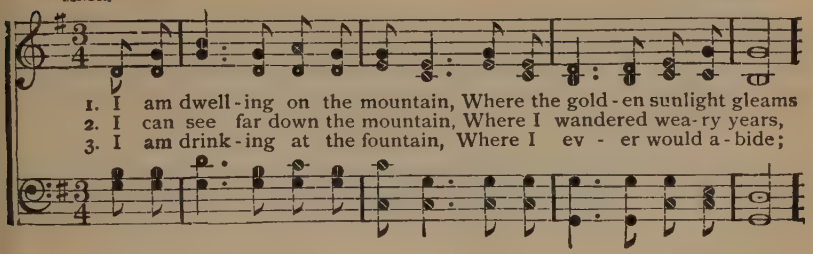
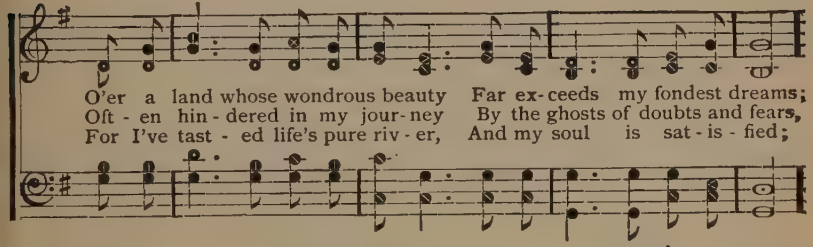
4 When sorrow is mine, and on pillows of stone
My aching head seeks for repose,
This story brings comfort and peace from the throne,
My desert blooms forth like the rose.

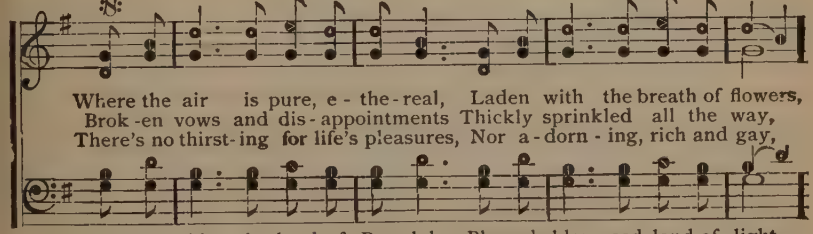
5 When down in the "valley and shadow of Death,"
I enter the gloom of the grave,
I'll tell the old story with life's latest breath,
Of Christ and his power to save.

Is not this the Land of Beulah.

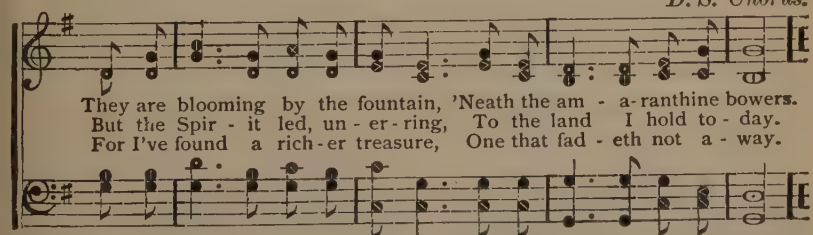
ANON. ARRANGED.







D. S. Chorus.



4 Tell me not of heavy crosses,
Nor the burdens hard to bear,
For I've found this great salvation
Makes each burden light appear;
And I love to follow Jesus,
Gladly counting all but dross,
Worldly honors all forsaking
For the glory of the Cross.

5 Oh, the Cross has wondrous glory!
Oft I've proved this to be true;
When I'm in the way so narrow
I can see a pathway through;
And how sweetly Jesus whispers:
Take the Cross, thou need'st not fear,
For I've tried this way before thee,
And the glory lingers near.

What will You do?

F. G. Burroughs. Adam Geibel.

1. What will you do with the King called Jesus? Many are waiting to
2. What will you do for the King called Jesus, He who for you left his
3. What will you do with the King called Jesus,—Who will submit to his

hear you say,—Some have despised him, rejecting his mercy, What will you
throne above, Here 'mid the low-ly and sin-ful to la-bor, Dail-y un-
gentle sway? Where are the hearts ready now to enthrone him? Who will his

do with your King to-day? What can you witness concerning his goodness,
folding his Father's love. Look on the fields white already to harvest,
kind commands obey? Come with your ointments most costly and precious,

Who died to save you from sin's bitter thrall? Who will declare him the
Who now is willing to toil with the few? What will you do for the
Pour out yonr gifts at the dear Saviour's feet; Render to him all your

fair-est of thousands? Who now will crown him the Lord of all?
dear Saviour, Je-sus? Lo, he is waiting, he calls for you!
loy-al de-vo-tion; Seek to ex-alt him by prais-es meet.

Copyrigrt, 1890, by John J. Hood.

What will You Do?—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS. *Voices in unison.*

What will you do with the King called Jesus? What, oh, what will you do with Jesus?

Voices in parts.

He waits to bless all who humbly confess Faith in his blood and righteousness.

65 Draw Me Still Closer.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer to thy bleeding side, Which for my cleansing is flowing, There I would ev- er a - bide.
2. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, Closer by night and by day, When I am tempted to wander, Draw me still closer, I pray.
3. Draw me still closer, dear Saviour, I would live nearer to thee, Thou art my Rock and my Refuge, Clos- er to thee I would be.

REFRAIN.

Closer to thee, closer to thee, Draw me, dear Saviour, still closer to thee; closer to thee.

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A Shout in the Camp.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There's a shout in the camp, for the Lord is here, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
2. There's a shout in the camp like the shout of old, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
3. There's a shout in the ranks of the King of kings, Hal - le- lujah! praise his
4. There's a shout in the camp while our souls repeat Hal - le- lujah! praise his

name; To the feast of his love we again draw near, Praise, oh,
name; For the cloud of his glo - ry we now be - hold, Praise, oh,
name; While we drink at the Rock from the living springs, Praise, oh,
name; There is room for the world at the Saviour's feet, Praise, oh,
praise his name;

CHORUS.

praise his name. Room for the millions! room for all! Halle - lu- jah! praise his

name; Come to the banquet, great and small, Praise, oh, praise his name
praise his name;

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Whosoever Believeth.

"For God so loved the world, that he gave his only begotten Son, that whosoever believeth in him, should not perish, but have everlasting life."—John. 3. 16.

Rev. F. Denison. W. Warren Bentley.

1. From Calvary's mountain sounding, What lov - ing words we hear,
2. Who-e'er my word be - liev - eth, We hear the Sav- iour say,
3. O broth - er, come and trust him, Oh, come to him to - day,

The love of God a-bound - ing, Dis- pell - ing all our fear.
A par - don full re- ceiv - eth, All sins are washed a - way.
He's wait- ing to re- ceive you, Why lon - ger then de - lay.

CHORUS.

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth,

Who - so - ev - er be - liev - eth, Hath ev - er - last - ing life.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

What a Gath'ring that will be.

J. H. K. "Gather my saints together unto me."—Ps. l. 5. J. H. KURZENKNABE.

1. At the sounding of the trumpet, when the saints are gather'd home, We will
2. When the angel of the Lord proclaims that time shall be no more, We shall
3. At the great and final judgement, when the hidden comes to light, When the
4. When the golden harps are sounding, and the angel bands proclaim, In tri-

greet each other by the crystal sea, With the friends and all the lov'd ones there a-
gather, and the saved and ransom'd see, Then to meet again to-gether, on the
Lord in all his glo-ry we shall see; At the bidding of our Saviour, "Come, ye
umphant strains the glorious jubilee; Then to meet and join to sing the song of

crystal sea;

wait-ing us to come, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bright ce-lestial shore, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
bless-ed, to my right, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!
Mos-es and the Lamb, What a gath'ring of the faith-ful that will be!

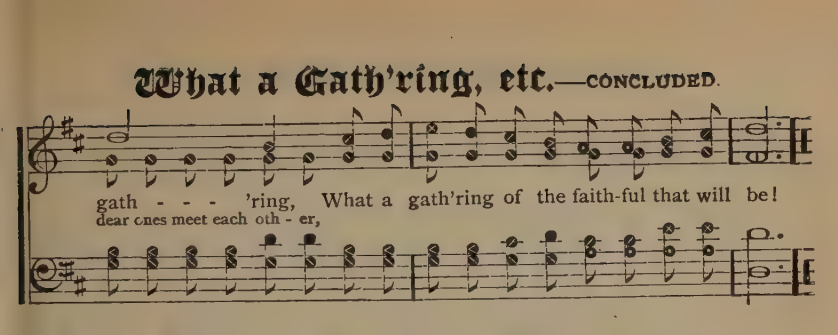
CHORUS.

What a gath - - - 'ring, gath - - - 'ring, At the
What a gath'ring of the loved ones when we'll meet with one an-oth-er,

sounding of the glorious ju-bi-lee! What a gath - - 'ring,
ju-bi-lee! What a gath'ring when the friends and all the

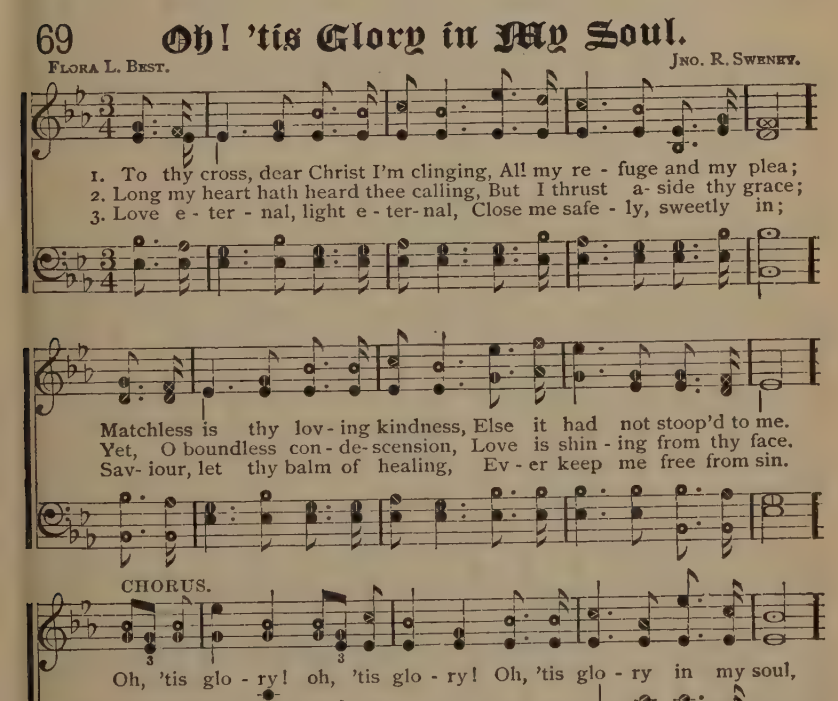
From "Song Treasury," by per.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



69 Oh! 'tis Glory in My Soul.

FLORA L. BEST. JNO. R. SWENEY.



By permission.

Conquer by and by.

FRANK GODÉE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. We have ta-ken up the cross, we have girded on the sword, And to-
2. In the bat-tle-field of life, be the conflict what it will, We have
3. With a firm and steady tread let us bold-ly march along, Looking

geth-er we are banded in the ser-vice of the Lord; We will
pledged ourselves to fol-low and the post of du-ty fill; For our
ev-er un-to Je-sus let our hearts be full of song; In his

trust him for his grace, we will take him at his word; He has
lead-er who commands will de-fend our arm-y still, And we
wis-dom all are wise, in his strength shall all be strong, Thro' the

told us if we love him we shall con-quer by and by.
know, for he has promised, we shall con-quer by and by.
might of him who loved us we shall con-quer by and by.

CHORUS.

Conquer by and by, yes, we'll conquer by and by; Nev-er be dis-

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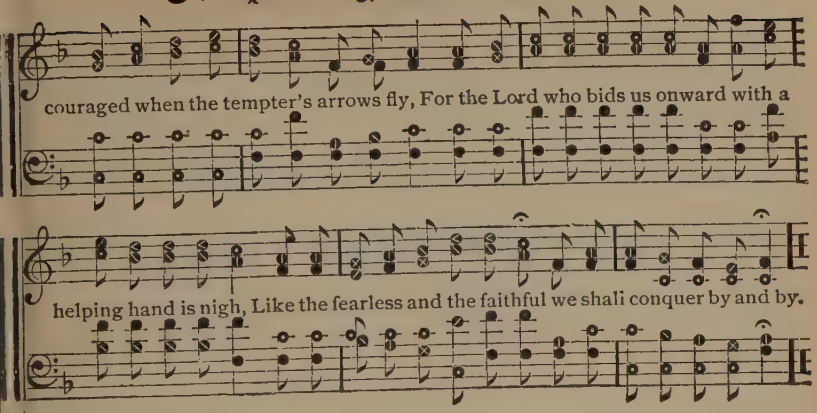
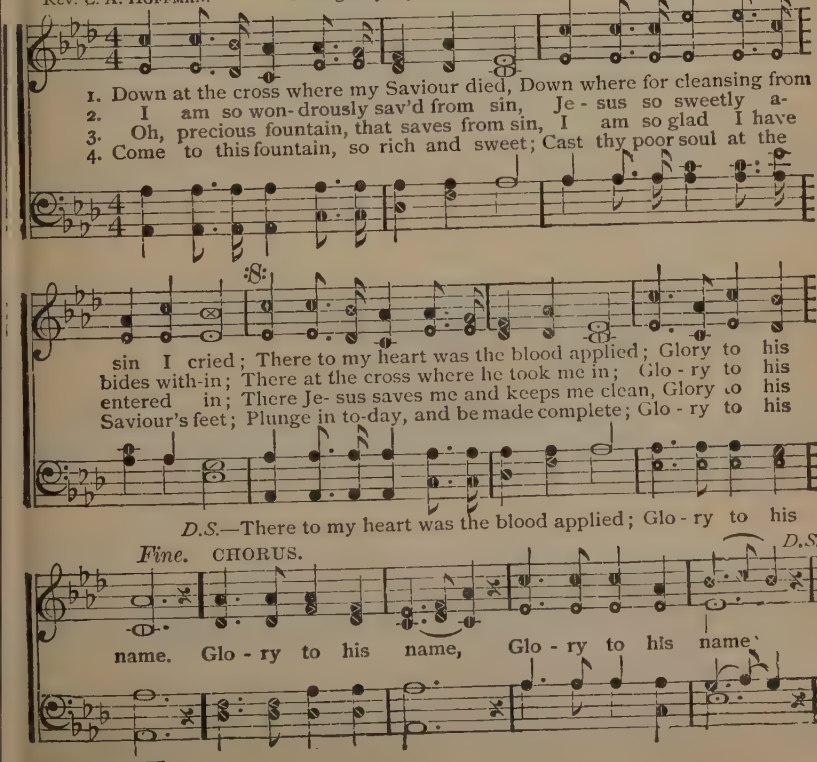
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI



71 Glory to His Name.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. "I will glorify thy name forevermore." Rev. J. H. Stockton.



By permission.

On the Victory Side.

JAMES L. BLACK. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our faith enraptured sings,
2. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the Lord himself comes near,
3. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! For the tempter flies a - pace,
4. Our souls cry out, hal - le - lu - jah! And our hearts beat high with praise,

While we throw to the breeze the standard Of the mighty King of kings.
And the shout of a roy- al ar - my On the bat- tle- field we hear.
And the chains he has forged are breaking, Thro' the pow'r of redeeming grace.
Unto him, in whose name we'll conquer, And our song of triumph raise.

CHORUS.

On the vict'ry side, on the vict'ry side, In the ranks of the Lord are we;

On the vict'ry side we will boldly stand, Till the glo- ry land we see.

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COWPER.

Glorious Fountain.

T. C. O'KANE. By per.

1. There is a fountain filled with blood, filled with blood, filled with blood,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, beneath that flood, beneath that flood,

2. The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see, rejoiced to see,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he, tho' vile as he,

There is a fountain filled with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins,
And sinners, plung'd beneath that flood, Lose all their guilty stains.
The dy - ing thief rejoiced to see That fountain in his day,
And there may I, tho' vile as he, Wash all my sins a - way.

CHORUS.

Oh, glo - ri - ous fountain! Here will I stay, And in thee ev - er

Wash my sins a - way.

3 Thou dying Lamb, ‖: thy precious blood :
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransomed ‖: Church of God :‖
Are saved, to sin no more.

4 E'er since by faith ‖: I saw the stream :‖
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love ‖: has been my theme, :‖
And shall be till I die.

Oh, He's a Wonderful Saviour!

J. B. Mackay. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. My Saviour has purchased redemption for me, Oh, he's a won-derful
2. My sins, which were many, he's taken a-way, Oh, he's a won-derful
3. 'Twas Jesus who found me with burdens opprest, Oh, he's a won-derful
4. I nev-er can tell all his goodness to me, Oh, he's a won-derful
5. My Je-sus is yours if you'll on-ly believe, Oh, he's a won-derful

Sav-iour! His blood paid my ransom, and I was set free, Oh, he's a
Sav-iour! And now he is blessing my soul ev-'ry day, Oh, he's a
Sav-iour! He took all my burdens, and gave me sweet rest, Oh, he's a
Sav-iour! But this I can tell, I was blind, now I see, Oh, he's a
Sav-iour! He's patient-ly waiting your heart to receive, Oh, he's a

CHORUS.

wonder-ful Sav-iour! Wonder-ful! wonder-ful! praise to his name,

Glo-ry to Je-sus, for-ev-er the same; Won-der-ful!

wonder-ful! praise to his name; Oh, he's a wonder-ful Sav-iour!

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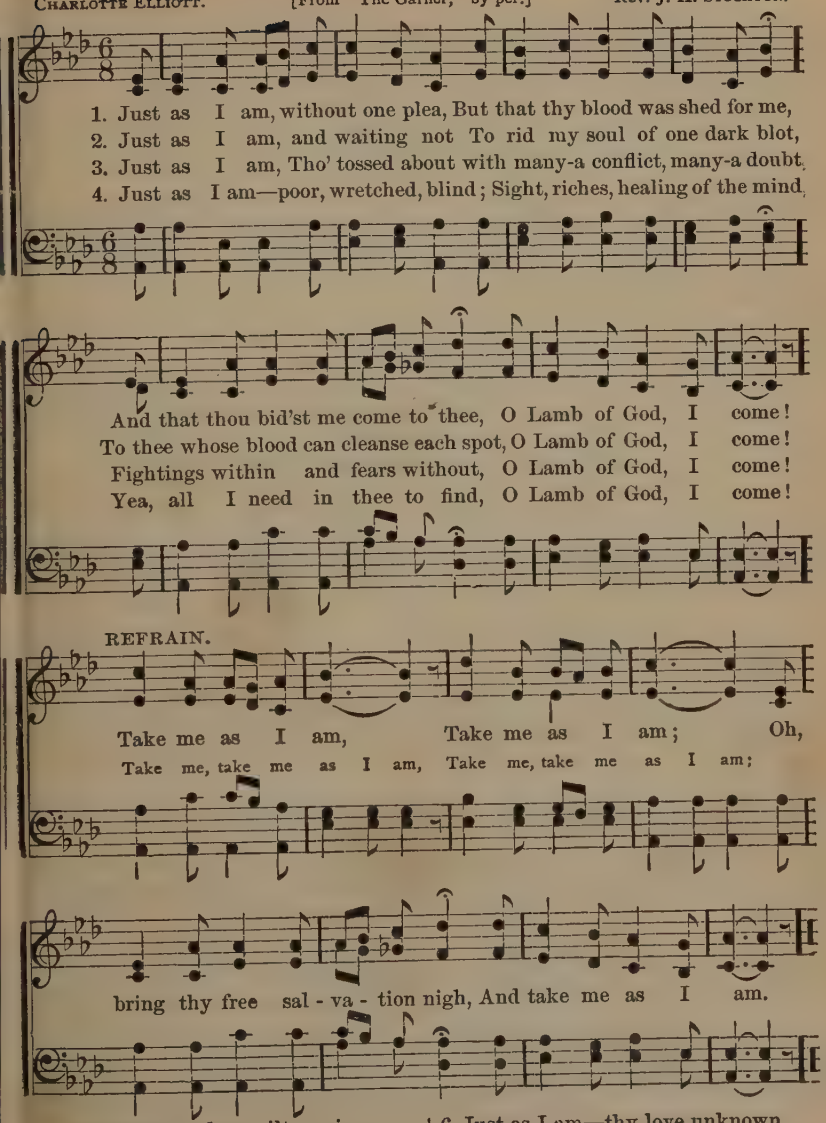
Take me as I am.

CHARLOTTE ELLIOTT. [From "The Garner," by per.] Rev. J. H. STOCKTON.



5 Just as I am—thou wilt receive,
Wilt welcome, pardon, cleanse, relieve;
Because thy promise I believe,
O Lamb of God, I come!

6 Just as I am—thy love unknown
Hath broken every barrier down,
Now, to be thine, yea, thine alone,
O Lamb of God, I come!

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Going Away Without Jesus.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. The last melody by Frank M. Davis.

1. Are you go - ing a - way without Je - sus to night, In sor- row and
2. Are you go - ing away without Christ for your friend, Whose friendship is
3. With measure- less love Je - sus suffer'd and died A ran- som for
4. Oh, do not re - ject this dear Saviour to-night, He longeth to

darkness a - lone,— Re- fus - ing his of - fer of par- don and light,
last- ing and true? 'Twill strengthen and comfort, 'twill guide and defend,
sin- ners, one day, He poured out his love in that wonder- ful tide
give you his rest; Oh, hark to his voice, hear him sweetly in- vite,

And peace that you nev - er have known?
And free - ly 'tis offered to you.
That washes transgressions a - way.
Re - pent and be pardoned and blest.

CHORUS.

Are you go - - ing a - way? . . . . Are you go - - ing a - way? . . . Are you going a - way without Je - sus to-night? Are you go - - ing a - way?

Are you go - ing away? Are you go - ing a- way? Are you go- ing away? Are you go - ing a- way?

Are you go - ing a - way, a - way?

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The Stranger at the Door.

With feeling. T. C. O'Kane.

1. Be- hold a stranger at the door; He gently knocks,—has knocked before; Has
2. O love - ly at - titude,—he stands With melting heart and open hands; O
3. But will he prove a friend indeed? He will,—the very friend you need: The
4. Rise, touched with gratitude divine; Turn out his en - e- my and thine; That
5. Ad- mit him ere his an - ger burn,—His feet, departed, ne'er return; Ad -

wait- ed long, is waiting still; You treat no oth - er friend so ill.
matchless kind- ness, and he shows This matchless kindness to his foes.
friend of sin - ners? Yes, 'tis he, With garments dyed on Cal - va - ry.
soul- de - stroy - ing monster, Sin, And let the heaven- ly stranger in.
mit him, or the hour's at hand, You'll at *his* door re - ject - ed stand.

CHORUS.

O let the dear Saviour come in, He'll cleanse the heart from sin; O
come in, from sin;

Keep him no more out at the door, But let the dear Saviour come in.
come in.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

By permission.

On the Hallelujah Line.

Rev. J. M. Hobbs. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O the glo - ry hal- le- lu - jah Has been ringing thro' my soul, Ev - er
2. O the hal - le - lu- jah cho- rus Is a glorious one to sing, But the
3. I'm a hal - le - lu- jah pilgrim And I'll nev- er hold my peace Till my
4. Then be read- y, faithful pilgrims, To go forward in the fight, Take the

since I came to Je- sus, And his Spirit made me whole; All my spirit, soul and
soul's true halle- lu- jah Is a- waken'd by our King; For the joy of his sal-
blessed Saviour tells me, Then, then only will I cease To invite poor, hungry
Spirit's blade of vict'ry, Wielding it with all your might; For with faith in God we

D.S.—since I came to

Fine.

bod- y Now are un- der his control, On the glo- ry hal- le - lujah line.
vation Makes the heart with music ring, On the glo- ry hal- le - lujah line.
sinners, Come and share the gospel feast, On the glo- ry hal- le - lujah line.
conquer, And we'll praise him with delight, On the glo- ry hal- le - lujah line.

Je- sus, And his Spirit made me whole, I've been on the halle - lujah line.

CHORUS.

D.S.

Glo - ry, glo - ry, O yes, 'tis glo- ry in my soul, Ev- er

Halle - lujah!

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Keep me ever close to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Source from whence the streams of mercy Like a riv - er flow to me,
2. There my life, my hope and com-fort, There a ref - uge for my soul
3. There, in ho - ly, sweet com - munion With thy Spir - it day by day,
4. Close to thee, O Saviour, keep me, Till I reach the shin- ing shore,—

With thy cords of love so ten - der Bind and keep me close to thee.
When the clouds hang dark-ly round me, And the dis- tant surg - es roll.
Faith to realms of light and glo - ry Bears my rap - tured soul a - way.
Till I join the raptured ar - my, Shouting joy for ev - er - more.

REFRAIN.

Keep me ev - er close to thee, Blessed Saviour, dear to me, With thy cords of love so tender Bind and keep me close to thee; Keep me ev- er close to thee, Blessed Sav-iour, dear to me, Bind and keep me close to thee.

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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Are You Washed in the Blood.

E. A. H. Rev. E. A. HOFFMAN.

1. Have you been to Je - sus for the cleansing power? Are you
2. Are you walk - ing dai - ly by the Saviour's side? Are you
3. When the Bridegroom cometh, will your robes be white, Pure and
4. Lay a - side the garments that are stained with sin, And be

washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you ful - ly trusting in his
washed in the blood of the Lamb? Do you rest each moment in the
white in the blood of the Lamb? Will your soul be ready for the
washed in the blood of the Lamb? There's a fountain flowing for the

CHORUS.

grace this hour? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb? Are you
Cru - ci - fied? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?
mansions bright, And be washed in the blood of the Lamb?
soul un - clean, O be washed in the blood of the Lamb!

washed in the blood, In the soul-cleansing blood of the Lamb?
Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

Are your garments spotless? Are they white as snow? Are you washed in the blood of the Lamb?

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

Send the Fire Just Now.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — J. Howard Entwisle.

1. While we now, dear Lord, at thy al - tar kneel, Come in might- y pow'r, now thyself re- veal; Lord, the old-time fire we de - sire to feel,
2. Let the al - tar - fire, bless- ed Lord, be felt, Till these hearts of ours with thy love shall melt; Touch our lips, dear Lord, as the coals are dealt,
3. Ev- 'rything is now on the al - tar laid, We have un - to thee full sur- render made; May the fire consume, let it not be stay'd,
4. Lord, burn up the dross, all the gold re - fine, Now up - on our hearts may thine image shine, That we may be seal'd, Lord, forev- er thine,—

CHORUS.

Send the fire, send it now, just now.
Send the fire, send it now, just now.
Send it, Lord, send it now, just now.
Send the fire, send it now, just now.

Send the fire, send the fire, While we here at thy al - tar bow, Glo - ri - fy thy name, send the liv - ing flame,—Send the fire, send it now, just now.

dear Lord, just now,

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Cast thy Burden on the Lord.

Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.—1 Pe. v. 7.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Weary pil - grim on life's path-way, Struggling on beneath thy load;
2. Are thy tir - ed feet un- stead - y? Does thy lamp no light af - ford?
3. Are the ties of friendship sev - ered? Hushed the voices fond- ly heard?

Hear these words of con - sol - a - tion,—"Cast thy bur - den on the Lord."
Is thy cross too great and hea - vy? Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.
Breaks thy heart with weight of anguish, Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

Chorus.

f *p* *Cres.*

Cast thy bur- den on the Lord, Cast thy bur-den on the Lord, And he will

p *Ad lib.*

strengthen thee, sustain and comfort thee; Cast thy bur - den on the Lord.

4 Does thy heart with faintness falter?
Does thy mind forget his word?
Does thy strength succumb to weakness?
Cast thy burden on the Lord.

5 He will hold thee up from falling,
He will guide thy steps aright;
He will strengthen each endeavor;
He will keep thee by his might.

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DO RE MI FA SOL LA SI

I'm Redeemed.

T. C. O'K. "Behold the Lamb of God." T. C. O'Kane.

1. O sing of Je - sus, "Lamb of God," Who died on Cal - va - ry,
2. O wondrous pow'r of love di - vine! So pure, so full, so free!
3. All glo - ry now to Christ the Lord And ev - er - more shall be;

And for a ran.- som shed his blood, For you and e - ven me.
It reaches out to all mankind, Em - brac - es e - ven me.
He hath redeemed a world from sin, And ransomed e - ven me.

REFRAIN.

I'm re - deemed, . . I'm re - deemed, . . Through the
I'm redeemed, I'm redeemed,

blood of the Lamb that was slain, . . . I'm re - deemed, . .
of the Lamb that was slain, I'm redeemed,

I'm re - deemed, . . Hal - le - lu - jah un - to his name.
I'm redeemed,

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

I'm Holding On.

JAMES NICHOLSON. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' weak my faith, I'm holding on; To Je - sus I am clinging;
2. I'm holding on, tho' Sa - tan tries To keep me from be - liev - ing;
3. While holding on by faith I see The blood of Je - sus flow - ing;
4. I'm clinging, clinging, holding on, My faith is ris - ing high - er,
5. I'm holding on, and while I make A per - fect con - se - cration,

I feel that now the "Mighty One" Help to my soul is bringing.
But, while my soul on God re - lies, The blessing I'm re - ceiving.
The healing stream is touching me, New life and peace be - stowing.
The last remains of sin are gone; I have my heart's de - sire.
The Ho - ly Ghost, for Je - sus' sake, Brings in complete sal - va - tion.

CHORUS.

I'm holding on, I'm holding on, Fresh strength each moment gaining,

My ling'ring doubts at last are gone, And Christ within is reigning.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Saved to the Uttermost.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Saved to the uttermost: I am the Lord's, Jesus my Saviour sal- va-tion affords,
2. Saved to the uttermost: Je- sus is near, Keeping me safely, he casteth out fear;
3. Saved to the uttermost: this I can say, "Once all was darkness, but now it is day,"
4. Saved to the uttermost: cheerfully sing Loud hal-le - lu-jas to Je- sus, my King;

Gives me his Spir- it a witness within, Whisp'ring of pardon, and saving from sin.
Trusting his prom-is- es, how I am blest. Leaning upon him, how sweet is my rest.
Beau-ti - ful visions of glo- ry I see, Je- sus in brightness revealed unto me.
Ransom'd and pardon'd, redeemed by his blood, Cleansed from unrighteousness, glory to God.

CHORUS.

Saved, saved, saved to the ut - termost, Saved, saved, by pow - er di - vine;

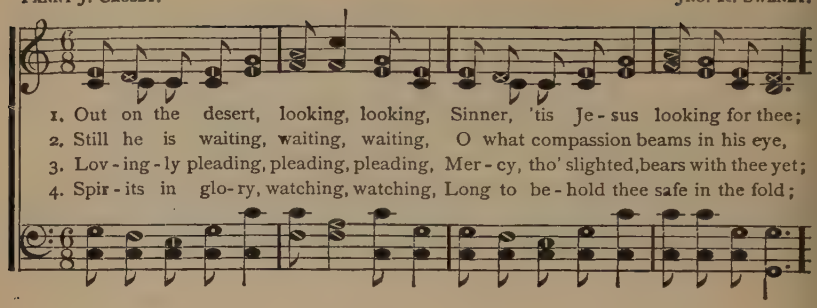
Saved, saved, I'm saved to the ut - ter- most, Je- sus the Saviour is mine.

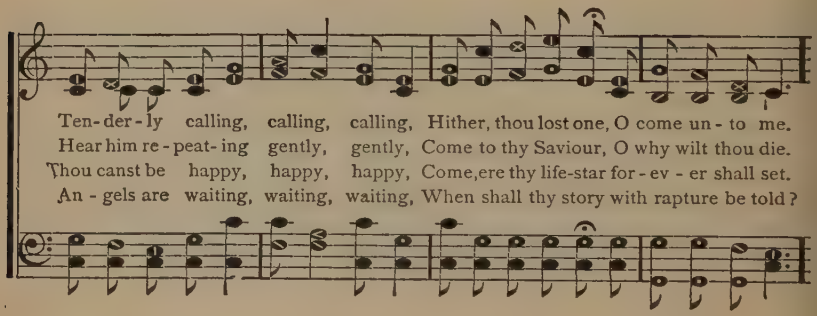
DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

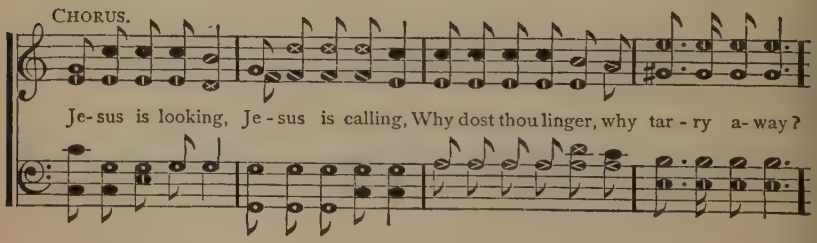
From "Precious Songs," by per.

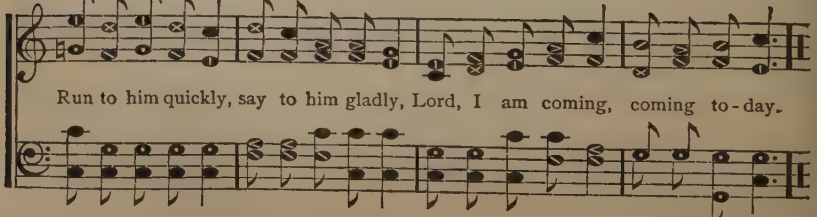
Coming To-day.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.









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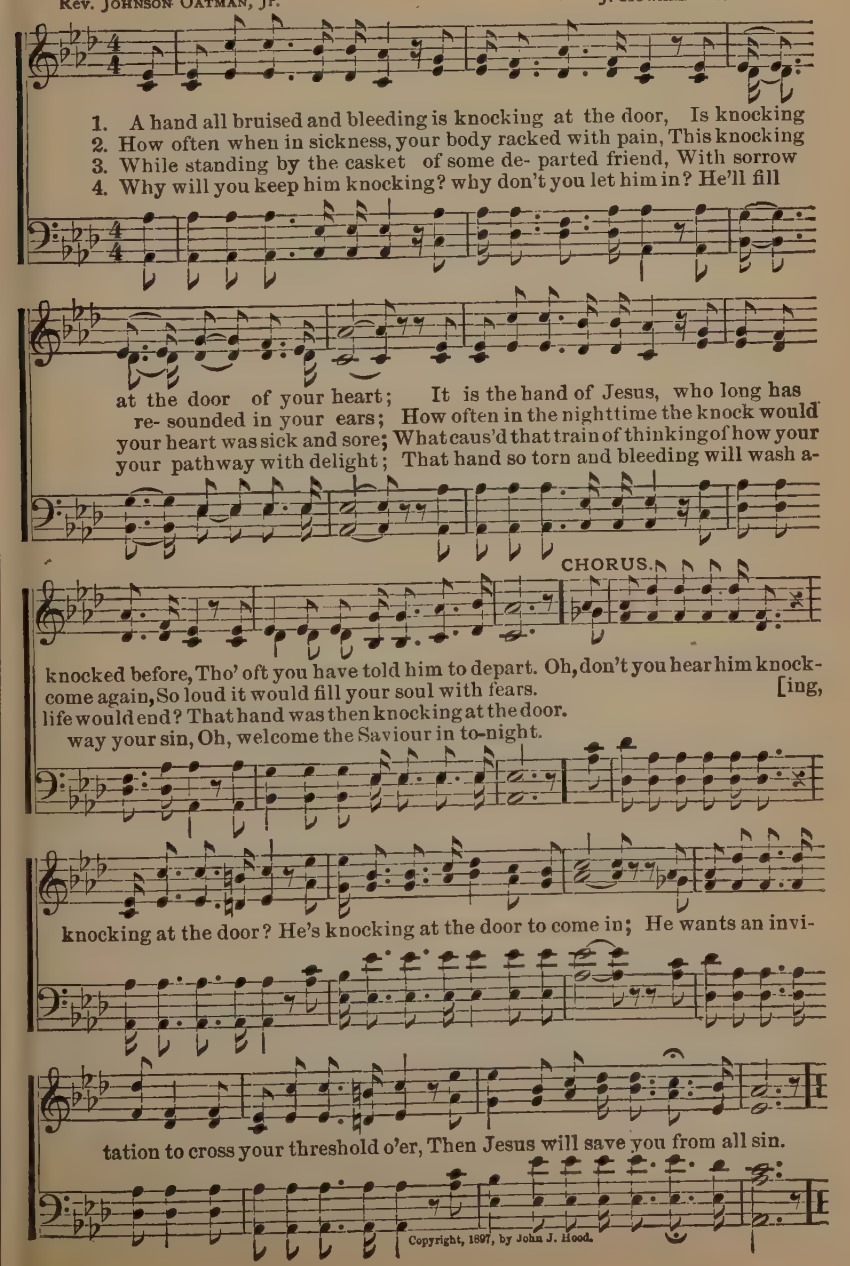
DO RE MI FA SOL LA SO

87 Oh, Don't you Hear Him Knocking?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.



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The Lily of the Valley.

English Melody, arranged for this work.

1. I have found a friend in Jesus, he's ev'rything to me, He's the fairest of ten
2. He all my griefs has taken, and all my sorrows borne; In temptation he's my
3. He will never, never leave me, nor yet forsake me here, While I live by faith and

:S:

thousand to my soul; The Li-ly of the Valley, in him alone I see All I
strong and mighty tower; I have all for him forsaken, and all my idols torn From my
do his blessed will; A wall of fire about me, I've nothing now to fear; With his

D. S.—Lily of the Valley, the bright and Morning Star, He's the

Fine.

need to cleanse and make me fully whole; In sorrow he's my comfort, in
heart, and now he keeps me by his power; Tho' all the world forsake me, and
manna he my hungry soul shall fill; Then sweeping up to glo-ry to

fair-est of ten thousand to my soul. CHO.—In sorrow, etc. (*after each verse.*)

D. S.

trouble he's my stay, He tells me ev'ry care on him to roll. He's the
Satan tempts me sore, Thro' Jesus I shall safely reach the goal. He's the
see his blessed face, Where rivers of delight shall ever roll. He's the

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Help Just a Little.

Music from "The Wells of Salvation," new words by Rev. W. A. Spencer.

Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Brother for Christ's kingdom sighing, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
2. Is thy cup made sad by tri-al? Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;
3. Though no wealth to thee is giv-en, Help a lit-tle, help a lit-tle;

Help to save the mil-lions dy-ing, Help just a lit-tle.
Sweet-en it with self-de-ni-al, Help just a lit-tle.
Sac-ri-fice is gold in heav-en, Help just a lit-tle.

CHORUS.

Oh, the wrongs that we may righten! Oh, the hearts that we may lighten!

Oh, the skies that we may brighten! Helping just a lit-tle.

4 Let us live for one another,
Help a little, help a little;
Help to lift each fallen brother,
Help just a little.

5 Tho' thy life is pressed with sorrow,
Help a little, help a little;
Bravely look t'ward God's to-morrow,
Help just a little.

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90 Jesus, the Light.

H. L. Gilmour. Arr. by H. L. G.

Fine.

1. { Let my gaze be fixed on thee, Jesus, the light of the world;
As I look, new beauties see, Jesus, the light . . . . of the world.

D.C.—Falling around us by day and by night,—Jesus, the light . . . of the world.

CHORUS.

D.C.

Walk in the light, beautiful light, Come where the dew-drops of mercy are bright,

Copyright, 1893, by H. L. G lmour.

2 Let my hands be strong for thee,
Jesus, the light of the world;
And my feet be swift and free,
Jesus, the light of the world.

3 When the tempter would alarm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Bare, oh, bare thy mighty arm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

4 Walk the waves, across life's sea,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Nearer come, O Lord, to me,
Jesus, the light of the world.

5 Be a shelter in the storm,
Jesus, the light of the world;
Keep, oh, keep thy child from harm,
Jesus, the light of the world.

91 Lord Jesus, Save.

* * *

"Lord, save me."—Matt. xiv: 30.

Frank M. Davis.

Devotional.

1. Save, Jesus, save, Thy blessing now we crave For ev'ry anxious sinner here,
2. Save, Jesus, save, Thy banner o'er us wave, Of love e- ternal and divine;
3. Save, Jesus, save, Thou conq'ror o'er the grave, Give ev'ry fetter'd soul release,
4. Save, Jesus, save, And thou alone shalt have The glory of the work divine,

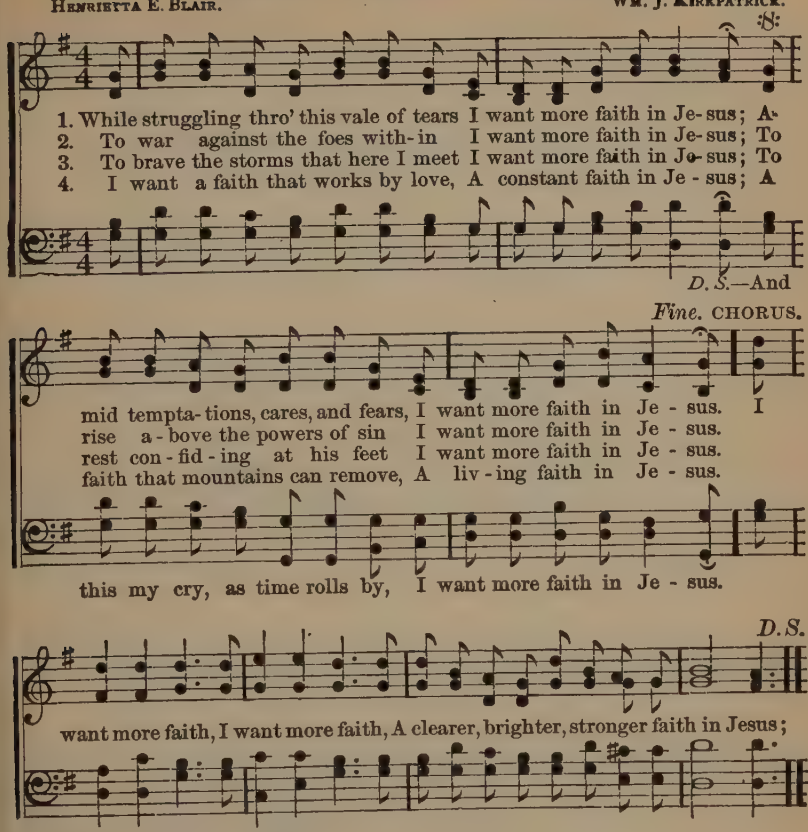
O let thy mercy now appear; Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
O Lord, let each one here be thine; Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
And to the troubled whisper "peace;" Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.
Yea, endless praises shall be thine; Lord Jesus, save, Lord Jesus, save.

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

92

More Faith in Jesus.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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93

Beulah Land.

Copyright,

1 I'VE reached the land of corn and wine,
And all its riches freely mine;
Here shines undimmed one blissful day,
For all my night has passed away.

CHO.—O Beulah land, sweet Beulah land,
As on thy highest mount I stand,
I look away across the sea,
Where mansions are prepared for me,
And view the shining glory shore,
My heaven, my home, for evermore.

2 My Saviour comes and walks with me,
And sweet communion here have we,
He gently leads me by his hand,
For this is heaven's border-land.

3 A sweet perfume upon the breeze
Is borne from ever-vernal trees,
And flowers that never-fading grow
Where streams of life forever flow.

4 The zephyrs seem to float to me
Sweet sounds of heaven's melody,
As angels with the white-robed throng
Join in the sweet redemption song.

Entire Consecration.

FRANCES RIDLEY HAVERGAL. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Take my life, and let it be Con - se - crated, Lord, to thee;
2. Take my feet, and let them be Swift and beau - ti - ful for thee;
3. Take my lips, and let them be Filled with messag - es for thee;
4. Take my moments, and my days, Let them flow in endless praise;

Take my hands, and let them move At the impulse of thy love.
Take my voice, and let me sing Al - ways, on - ly, for my King.
Take my sil - ver and my gold,— Not a mite would I with-hold.
Take my in - te - lect, and use Ev' - ry pow'r as thou shalt choose.

CHORUS.

{ Wash me in the Saviour's precious blood, *the precious blood,*
Cleanse me in its pu - ri - fy - ing flood, *the healing flood,* } Lord, I give to

thee my life and all, to be Thine, hence-forth e - ter - nal - ly.

5 Take my will, and make it thine;
It shall be no longer mine;
Take my heart,—it is thine own,—
It shall be thy royal throne.

6 Take my love,—my Lord, I pour
At thy feet its treasure-store!
Take myself, and I will be
Ever, only, all for thee!

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

95 Lord, I'm Coming Home.

W. J. K. *With great feeling.* Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. I've wandered far a - way from God, Now I'm coming home;
2. I've wast - ed ma - ny pre- cious years, Now I'm coming home;
3. I'm tired of sin and stray - ing, Lord, Now I'm coming home;
4. My soul is sick, my heart is sore, Now I'm coming home;

Fine.

The paths of sin too long I've trod, Lord, I'm coming home.
I now re- pent with bit - ter tears, Lord, I'm coming home.
I'll trust thy love, be - lieve thy word, Lord, I'm coming home.
My strength renew, my hope re - store, Lord, I'm coming home.

D.S.—O - pen wide thine arms of love, Lord, I'm coming home.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Coming home, coming home, Nev - er more to roam;

Copyright, 1892, by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

5 My only hope, my only plea,
Now I'm coming home,
That Jesus died, and died for me,
Lord, I'm coming home.

6 I need his cleansing blood I know,
Now I'm coming home;
Oh, wash me whiter than the snow,
Lord, I'm coming home.

96 He Leadeth Me.

1 He leadeth me! oh, blessed thought,
Oh! words with heavenly comfort [fraught;
Whate'er I do, where'er I be,
Still 'tis God's hand that leadeth me.

Ref.—He leadeth me! he leadeth me!
By his own hand he leadeth me;
His faithful follower I will be,
For by his hand he leadeth me.

2 Sometimes 'mid scenes of deepest gloom,
Sometimes where Eden's bowers bloom,
By waters still, o'er troubled sea,—
Still 'tis his hand that leadeth me.

3 Lord, I would clasp thy hand in mine,
Nor ever murmur nor repine—
Content, whatever lot I see,
Since 'tis my God that leadeth me

4 And when my task on earth is done,
When by thy grace the victory's won,
E'en death's cold wave I will not flee,
Since God through Jordan leadeth me

97 We're Marching to Zion.

1 COME, ye that love the Lord,
And let your joys be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

CHO.—We're marching to Zion,
Beautiful, beautiful Zion,
We're marching upward to Zion,
The beautiful city of God.

2 Let those refuse to sing,
Who never knew our God;
But children of the heavenly King,
May speak their joys abroad.

3 The hill of Zion yields,
A thousand sacred sweets,
Before we reach the heavenly fields,
Or walk the golden streets.

98 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!

1 STAND up! stand up for Jesus!
Ye soldiers of the cross;
Lift high his royal banner,
It must not suffer loss;
From victory unto victory
His army he shall lead,
Till every foe is vanquished,
And Christ is Lord indeed.

2 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
Stand in his strength alone;
The arm of flesh will fail you,—
Ye dare not trust your own;
Put on the gospel armor,
Each piece put on with prayer,
Where duty calls, or danger,
Be never wanting there.

3 Stand up! stand up for Jesus!
The strife will not be long;
This day the noise of battle,
The next the victor's song;
To him that overcometh
A crown of life shall be,
He with the King of glory
Shall reign eternally.

99 The Land of the Blest.

1 WE speak of the land of the blest,
A country so bright and so fair,
And oft are its glories confest,
But what must it be to be there.

CHO.—In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore,
In the sweet by and by,
We shall meet on that beautiful shore.

2 We speak of its pathways of gold,
Its walls decked with jewels so rare,
Its wonders and pleasures untold,
But what must it be to be there.

3 We speak of its peace and its love,
The robes which the glorified wear,
The songs of the blessed above,
But what must it be to be there.

4 We speak of its freedom from sin,
From sorrow, temptation, and care,
From trials without and within,
But what must it be to be there.

5 Do thou, Lord, midst pleasure or woe
For heaven our spirits prepare,
Then shortly we also shall know,
And feel what it is to be there.

100 That Beautiful Land.

1 A BEAUTIFUL land by faith I see,
A land of rest from sorrow free:
The home of the ransomed, bright and fair,
And beautiful angels, too, are there.

CHO.—Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land with me?
Will you go? will you go?
Go to that beautiful land.

2 That land is called the City of Light
It never has known the shades of night;
The glory of God, the light of day,
Hath driven the darkness far away.

3 In vision I see its streets of gold,
Its gates of pearl I, too, behold,
The river of life, the crystal sea,
The ambrosial fruit of life's fair tree.

4 The ransom'd throng, arrayed in white
In rapture range the plains of light;
In one harmonious choir they praise
Their glorious Saviour's matchless grace.

The Wonderful Saviour.

F. M. D. — Frank M. Davis.

1. Christ has shed his blood for me, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
2. I have lost my load of sin, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
3. Now my heart doth sing for joy, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Died my soul from sin to free, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Now I have sweet peace within, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Christ shall all my song employ, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

Greater love was nev - er known, Greater mer - cy nev- er shown;
He who calm- ly walk'd the wave, Has the might - y pow'r to save,
He my guide, my strength and stay, All my tears has wiped a - way;

Free- ly does his blood a - tone, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
Shows a light be- yond the grave, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!
I will serve him ev - 'ry day, O what a wonderful Sav - iour!

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I Come, Yes, Lord, I Come!

F. S. Shepard. Chas. K. Langley.

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

1. Come, weary one, in me find rest— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
2. Come un- to me, thou wea - ry one— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
3. Come, ye that la - bor, come to me— I come, yes, Lord, I come!

SOLO. SEMI-CHORUS.

Come, heav- y la - den, care oppressed— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
By hab- it chained, by sin undone— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
Come, tho' your burdens heav - y be— I come, yes, Lord, I come!

SOLO.

My yoke is easy, my burden light, I give thee healing, comfort, sight;
The burden of your sin on me Was laid, on cru - el Cal - va - ry;
Come un- to me with lowly mind, Bring woe and care of ev - 'ry kind;

SEMI-CHORUS.

Come from life's shadows, dark as night— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
Come, for my pow'r can set you free— I come, yes, Lord, I come!
Rest for your soul you sure will find— I come, yes, Lord, I come!

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Welcome for Me.

Fanny J. Crosby. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Like a bird on the deep, far a-way from its nest, I had wandered, my Saviour, from thee; But thy dear lov-ing voice called me home to thy breast, And I knew there was wel-come for me.
2. I am safe in the ark; I have fold-ed my wings On the bo-som of mer-cy di-vine; I am filled with the light of thy pres-ence so bright, And the joy that will ev-er be mine.
3. I am safe in the ark, and I dread not the storm, Though a-round me the surg-es may roll; I will look to the skies, where the day nev-er dies, I will sing of the joy in my soul.

CHORUS.

Welcome for me, Saviour, from thee; A smile and a welcome for me:
Now, like a dove, I rest in thy love, And find a sweet refuge in thee. in thee.

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Beneath the Fountain.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Arranged by J. J. H.

1. There is in the house of Da - vid A fountain deep and wide,
2. For the heal - ing of the na- tions 'Twas o- pened by our Lord,
3. "Tho' your sins may be as scar- let," Come to the fountain's flow;
4. When I reach the streets of glo - ry, With all the blood-wash'd throng,

And it flows from Calv'ry's mountain, Where Christ was cru - ci - fied.
Millions who have tried the fountain Thro' grace have been restored.
"Tho' they may be red like crimson, I'll make them white as snow."
I will gaze on Christ the fountain, While loud - er swells the song.

CHORUS.

There is glo - ry in my soul, And my hal - le - lu - jahs roll,

For I've been be- neath the fountain, And the blood hath made me whole.

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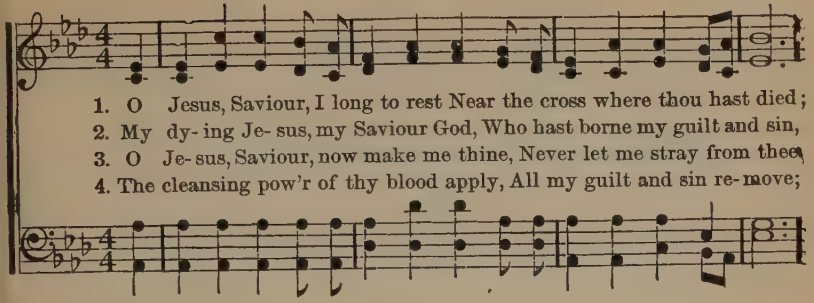
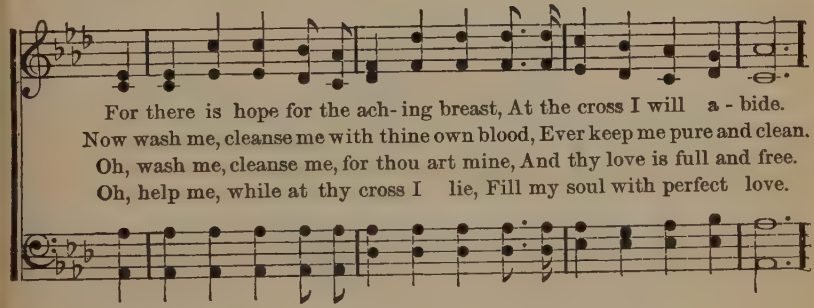
At the Cross I'll Abide.

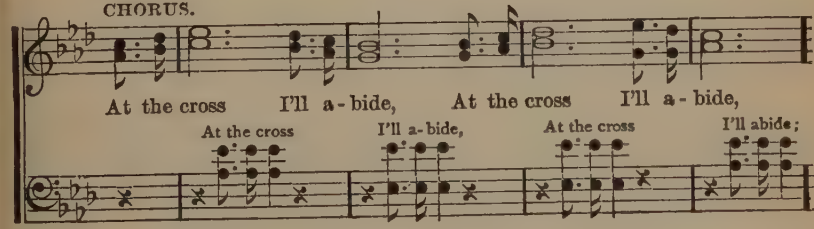
I. B. "And many women were there."—Matt. xxvii. 55. I. BALTZELL.

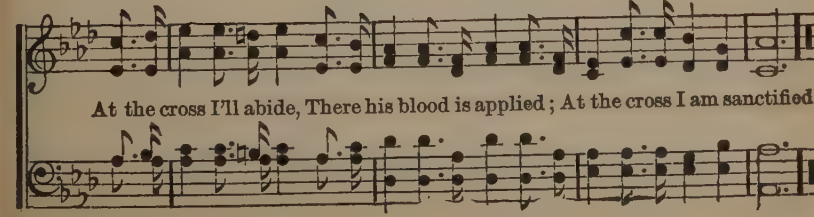


1. O Jesus, Saviour, I long to rest Near the cross where thou hast died;
2. My dy- ing Je- sus, my Saviour God, Who hast borne my guilt and sin,
3. O Je- sus, Saviour, now make me thine, Never let me stray from thee,
4. The cleansing pow'r of thy blood apply, All my guilt and sin re- move;



For there is hope for the ach- ing breast, At the cross I will a - bide.
Now wash me, cleanse me with thine own blood, Ever keep me pure and clean.
Oh, wash me, cleanse me, for thou art mine, And thy love is full and free.
Oh, help me, while at thy cross I lie, Fill my soul with perfect love.





At the cross I'll abide, There his blood is applied; At the cross I am sanctified.

By permission.

Always Abounding.

"Always abounding in the work of the Lord."—1 Cor. xv. 58.

E. A. Barnes. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Be earnest, my brothers, in word and in deed, Be active in reaping and sow- ing the seed; And thus in the vineyard, with Je- sus to lead, Be
2. Be ready, my brothers, his call to o-bey, In seeking the erring and show-ing the way; And thus as his servants, remem - ber, we pray, Be
3. Be zealous, my brothers, the light to extend, And unto all nations the gos - pel to send; And thus, till the harvest in glo - ry shall end, Be

REFRAIN.

always abounding in the work of the Lord. Be always abounding in the work of the Lord, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord; Be earnest, be active, re- lying on his word, Be always abounding in the work of the Lord.

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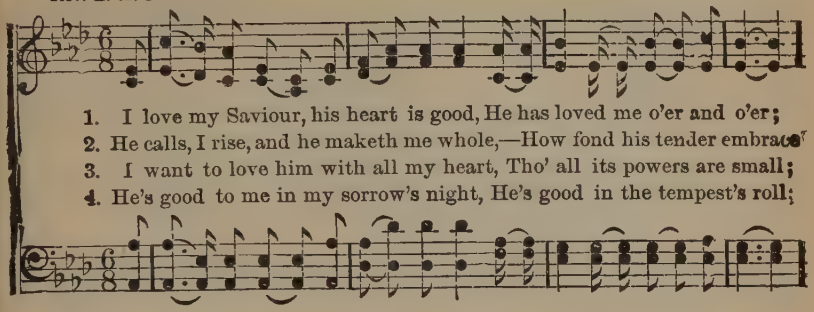
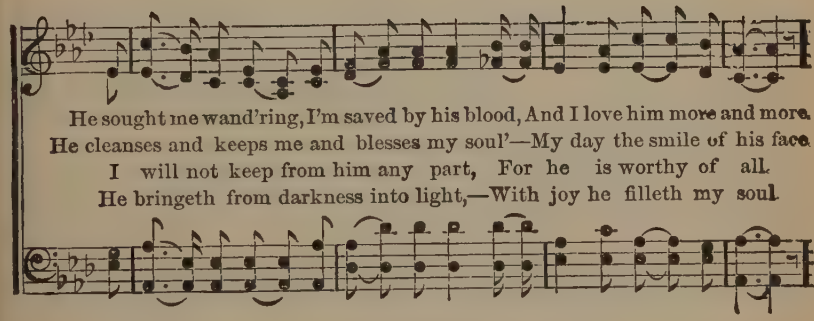
107 Jesus is Good to Me.

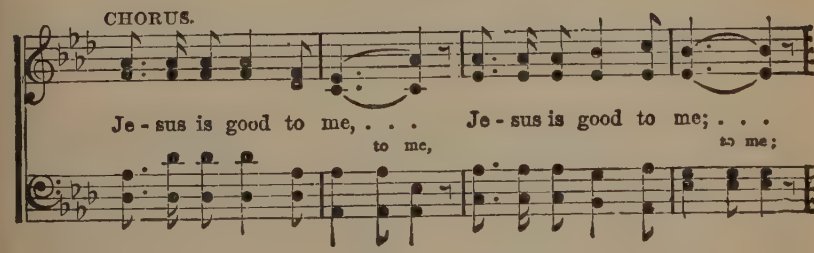
Rev. E. H. Stokes. D. D. Jno. R. Sweney.



1. I love my Saviour, his heart is good, He has loved me o'er and o'er;
2. He calls, I rise, and he maketh me whole,—How fond his tender embrace
3. I want to love him with all my heart, Tho' all its powers are small;
4. He's good to me in my sorrow's night, He's good in the tempest's roll;

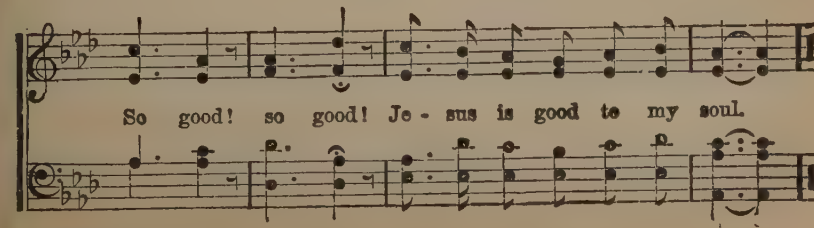


He sought me wand'ring, I'm saved by his blood, And I love him more and more.
He cleanses and keeps me and blesses my soul'—My day the smile of his face
I will not keep from him any part, For he is worthy of all.
He bringeth from darkness into light,—With joy he filleth my soul.



CHORUS.

Je - sus is good to me, . . . Je - sus is good to me; . . .
to me, to me;



So good! so good! Je - sus is good to my soul.

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Meet me There.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. On the happy, golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, When the storms of life are o'er, Meet me there; Where the night dissolves away Into pure and perfect day, I am going home to stay, Meet me there.

2. Here our fondest hopes are vain, Dearest links are rent in twain; But in heav'n no throb of pain, Meet me there; By the river sparkling bright, In the ci - ty of delight, Where our faith is lost in sight, Meet me there.

3. Where the harps of angels ring, And the blest for-ev - er sing, In the palace of the King, Meet me there; Where in sweet communion blend Heart with heart, and friend with friend, In a world that ne'er shall end, Meet me there.

:S: *Fine.*

D.S.—happy golden shore, Where the faithful part no more, Meet me there.

CHORUS.

Meet me there, Meet me there, Where the tree of life is blooming, Meet me there; When the storms of life are o'er, On the Meet me there;

D.S.

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Let Him In.

Rev. J. B. Atchinson. E. O. Excell.

1. There's a stranger at the door, Let him in,
2. O-pen now to him your heart, Let him in,
3. Hear you now his lov-ing voice? Let him in,
4. Now admit the heavenly Guest, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

He has been there oft be - fore, Let him in;
If you wait he will de - part, Let him in;
Now, oh, now make him your choice, Let him in,
He will make for you a feast, Let him in,

Let the Saviour in, let the Saviour in,

Let him in ere he is gone, Let him in the Ho - ly One,
Let him in, he is your Friend, He your soul will sure de - fend,
He is stand-ing at the door, Joy to you he will re - store,
He will speak your sins for-given, And when earth ties all are riven,

Je-sus Christ, the Father's Son, Let him in.
He will keep you to the end, Let him in.
And his name you will a - dore, Let him in.
He will take you home to heaven, Let him in.

Let the Saviour in. let the Saviour in.

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By the Grace of God we'll Meet.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Thro' the gates of pearl and jasper To the ci-ty paved with gold, When the
2. When the harvest work is ended, And the summer days are past, When the
3. Let us fol-low on with firmness, keeping ev-er in the way Where our

ransomed host shall en-ter, And their gracious Lord be-hold, When they
reap-ers go re-joic-ing To their bright re-ward at last; When the
bles-sed Lord has taught us, To be faith-ful, watch and pray; Then, in

meet in bliss-ful triumph By the tree of life so fair Shall we
white-robed an-gel leads them to the gates of joy so fair, Shall we
garments pure and spotless, By the tree of life so fair, We shall

join the no-ble arm-y, And re-ceive a wel-come there?
join their hap-py num-ber? Will they bid us wel-come there?
sing through endless ag-es With the count-less mil-lions there.

CHORUS.

By the grace . . . . of God we'll meet . . . . . In the
By the grace of God we'll meet, By the grace of God we'll meet In the

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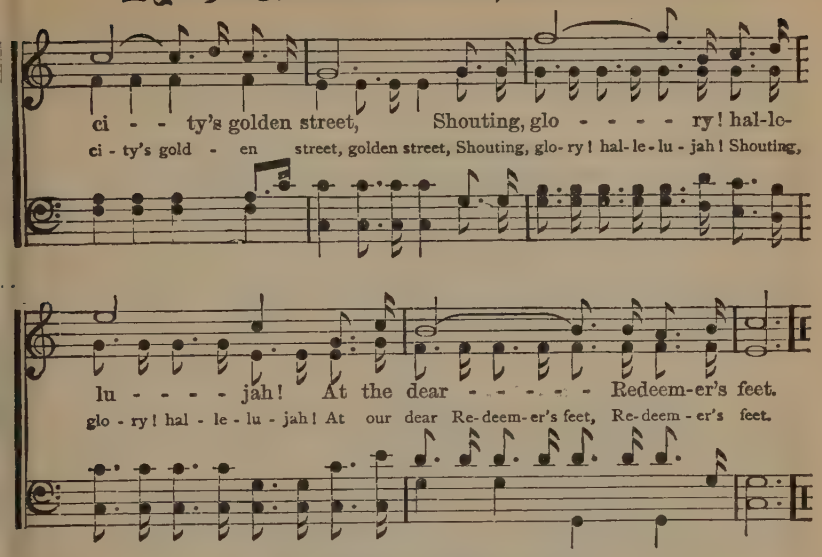
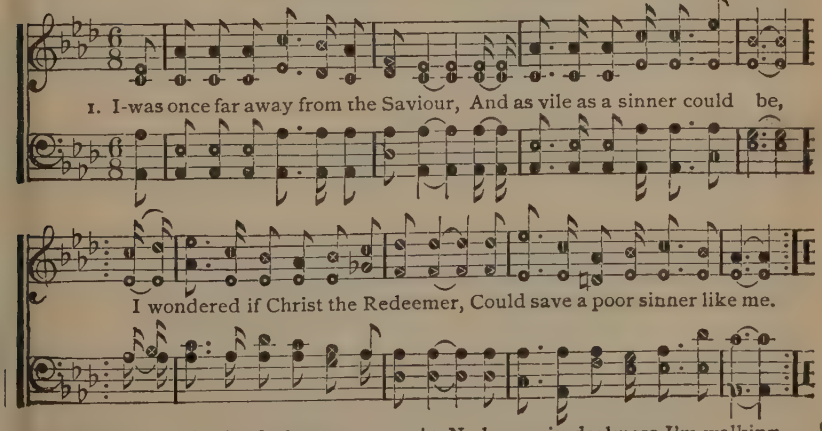
By the Grace of God, etc.—CONCLUDED.



111 C. J. B. A Sinner like Me. CHAS. J. BUTLER.



2 I wandered on in the darkness,
Not a ray of light could I see,
And the thought filled my heart with sadness,
There's no hope for a sinner like me.

3 I then fully trusted in Jesus,
And oh, what a joy came to me;
My heart was filled with his praises,
For saving a sinner like me.

4 No longer in darkness I'm walking,
For the light is now shining on me,
And now unto others I'm telling,
How he saved a poor sinner like me.

5 And when life's journey is over,
And I the dear Saviour shall see,
I'll praise him forever and ever,
For saving a sinner like me.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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He Came to Save Me.

HENRIETTA E. BLAIR. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. When Je - sus laid his crown a - side, He came to save me;
2. In my poor heart he deigns to dwell, He came to save me;
3. With gen - tle hand he leads me still, He came to save me;
4. To him my faith with rap - ture clings, He came to save me;

When on the cross he bled and died, He came to save me.
O, praise his name, I know it well, He came to save me.
And trust - ing him I fear no ill, He came to save me.
To him my heart looks up and sings, He came to save me.

CHORUS.

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, And grace is free,

I'm so glad, I'm so glad, I'm so glad that Jesus came, He came to save me.

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Clinging to the Cross.

FRANK GOULD. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. O, my heart is full of joy, for my sins are wash'd away, Clinging to the
2. I have laid my burden down, I have cast it on the Lord, Clinging to the
3. I have found the hallow'd peace which the world can never give, Clinging to the
4. I am happy in his love, I am safe beneath his care, Clinging to the

cross of Je - sus; I am trusting more and more in his mercy ev'ry day,
cross of Je - sus; I can now believe and claim ev'ry promise in his word,
cross of Jesus; I have promised by his grace while he spares me I will live
cross of Jesus; Tho' temptations I shall meet they shall never harm me there,

CHORUS.

Clinging to the cross of Je - sus. Cling-ing to the cross, where his

blood was shed for me, Clinging to the cross, where the flowing stream I see,

Clinging to the cross, where I come on bended knee; Blessed, blessed cross of Jesus!

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

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Take hold, hold on.

Advice of an aged colored man to young converts, "Take hold, hold on, hold fast and never let go!"

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. O, turn not back in the Christian race Till the prize is won we know;
2. O, turn not back on life's battle-field, Tho' the world's a mighty foe,
3. Truth's anchor firm-ly, sure-ly clasp, As the billows near thee flow,
4. Though danger threatens or death alarms, In each ris-ing flood of woe,

Reach up to Christ for abounding grace, Take hold and nev-er let go!
God's arms are round thee as a shield, Take hold and nev-er let go!
God's hand will close o'er thy feeble grasp, Take hold and nev-er let go!
Still cling to God's ev-er-last-ing arms, Take hold and nev-er let go!

CHORUS.

Take hold, hold on, Hold fast and nev-er let go! No matter how the wind in the tempest may blow, Take hold and never let go!

Take hold, hold on, hold on!

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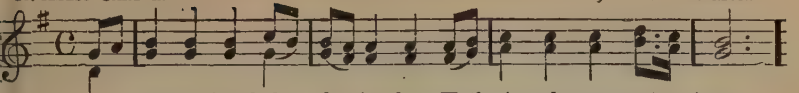
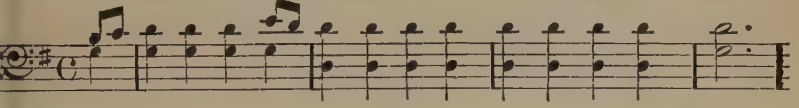
At the Cross.

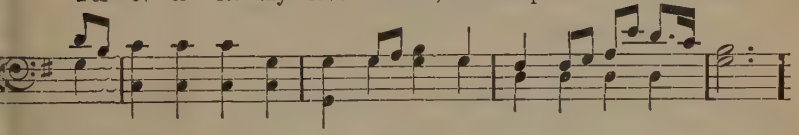
R. Kelso Carter. Arr. by E. E. Nickerson.



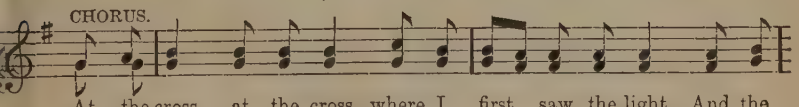
1. O Je-sus, Lord, thy dy-ing love Hath pierced my con-trite heart;
2. A-mid the night of sin and death Thy light hath filled my soul;
3. I kiss thy feet, I clasp thy hand, I touch thy bleed-ing side;
4. My Lord, my light, my strength, my all, I count my gain but loss;



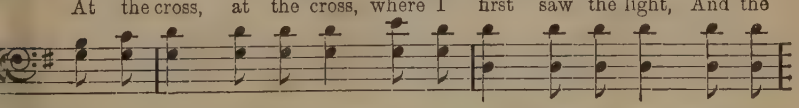
Now take my life, and let me prove How dear to me thou art.
To me thy lov-ing voice now saith, Thy faith hath made thee whole.
O let me here for-ev-er stand, Where thou wast cru-ci-fied.
For-ev-er let thy love enthrall, And keep me at the cross.



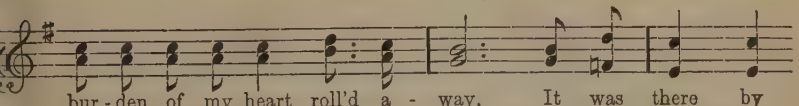
CHORUS.

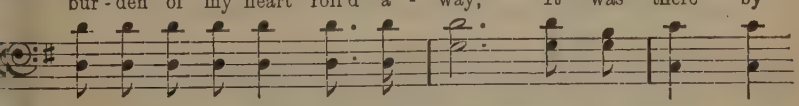


At the cross, at the cross, where I first saw the light, And the

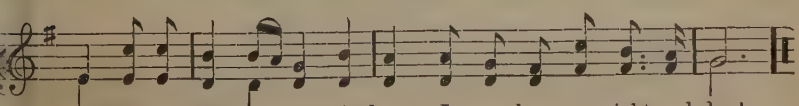


bur-den of my heart roll'd a-way, It was there by





faith I receiv'd my sight, And now I am hap-py night and day!



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Far from the Fold.

J. H. E. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. Far from the fold, how many sheep are straying, Out on the mountains,
2. Who'll seek the lost? oh, who will follow Jesus, On thro' the night, nor
3. Sweet would it be, if you and I could answer, "Lord, I have sought thy

des - o- late and bare; Hungry and cold, with wea- ry feet they wander
heeding toil and pain? Who for *his sake* will prove a servant faithful—
sheep on mountains cold, Faithful to thee, at last, dear Lord, I've found one,

CHORUS.

Far from the homeland and the Shepherd's care. O come, let us
Bringing the wand'rer to the fold a - gain?
Now it is safe - ly sheltered in thy fold. O come,

go and seek the lost one, Wand'ring far on the mountains cold; 'Twill be

rit.

sweet to say at the close of day, "I have brought one sheep to the fold."

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Come and See.

CHARLES H. ELLIOTT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. There is pardon sweet, at the Master's feet, Come and see, O come and see;
2. There's an easy yoke that you all may bear, Come and see, O come and see;
3. There's a healing balm for the weary breast, Come and see, O come and see;
4. There's a life beyond, 'tis a life di - vine, Come and see, O come and see;

CHORUS.

There's a song of peace that shall never cease, Come, O come and see. In the
There's a ho- ly joy that you all may share, Come, O come and see.
There's a tranquil peace and a sa-cred rest, Come, O come and see.
And the light of faith on your path will shine, Come, O come aud see.

precious, precious blood of Je - sus Washed a - way your sins may be;

You may plunge just now in its cleansing flood,—Come, will you come and see.

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DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

I'm Going to Meet Him.

ADA BLENKHORN. J. HOWARD ENTWISLE.

1. A - gain in all his beauty the Lord shall come, I'm going to meet my
2. How glad will be the morning when I shall rise, I'm going to meet my
3. I'll hear the trumpet sounding so loud and clear, I'm going to meet my
4. Will you be glad to meet him on that great day? I'm going to meet my
5. With shouting and hosannas the earth shall ring, I'm going to meet my

Je - sus by and by; To meet his faithful children and call them home,
Je - sus by and by; To meet my Saviour coming from out the skies,
Je - sus by and by; The day is not far distant, 'tis drawing near,
Je - sus by and by; He bids you to be ready, to watch and pray,
Je - sus by and by; And I shall soon behold him, my Lord, my King,
by and by;

CHORUS.

I'm going to meet my Je- sus by and by. Go - - ing by and
Going to meet him by and

by, Go - - ing by and by; I'll be there to
by, by and by, Going to meet him by and by, by and by;

answer when the Saviour calls, Going to meet him by and by.

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In the Morning.

Lizzie Edwards. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. We are pilgrims looking home, Sad and wea-ry oft we roam, But we know 'twill all be well in the morning; When, our anchor firmly cast, Ev'ry storm-y wave is past, And we gather safe at last in the morn-ing.
2. O these tender broken ties, How they dim our aching eyes, But like jewels they will shine in the morning; When our victor palms we bear, And our robes immor-tal wear, We shall know each other there, in the morn-ing.
3. When our fettered souls are free, Far beyond the narrow sea, And we hear the Saviour's voice in the morning; When our golden sheaves we bring To the feet of Christ our King, What a chorus we shall sing in the morn-ing.
4. Thro' our pilgrim journey here, Tho' the night is sometimes drear, Let us watch and persevere till the morning; Then our highest tribute raise For the love that crowns our days, And to Jesus give the praise in the morn-ing.

Fine.

D. S—sun-ny region bright, When we hail the blessed light of the morn-ing.

CHORUS.

When we all meet a-gain in the morn-ing, On the sweet blooming hills in the morn-ing; Nev-ermore to say good night In that

D. S.

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Standing on the Promises.

R. K. C.

R. Kelso Carter.

1. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ my King, Thro' e - ter - nal
2. Standing on the prom-is - es that can - not fail, When the howling
3. Standing on the prom-is - es I now can see Per - fect, present
4. Standing on the prom-is - es of Christ the Lord, Bound to him e -
5. Standing on the prom-is - es I can - not fall, Listening ev - ery

a - ges let his prais - es ring; Glo - ry in the highest, I will shout and sing,
storms of doubt and fear as - sail, By the liv - ing Word of God I shall pre - vail,
cleansing in the blood for me; Standing in the liberty where Christ makes free,
ter - nally by love's strong cord, O - vercoming dai - ly with the Spir-its' sword,
moment to the Spir - its' call, Rest - ing in my Saviour, as my all in all,

CHORUS.

Standing on the promises of God. Stand - ing, stand - ing,
Standing on the promises, Standing on the promises,

Standing on the promis- es of God my Saviour; Stand - - ing,
Standing on the promis- es,

stand - - ing, I'm standing on the promis- es of God.
Standing on the prom- is- es,

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From "Songs of Perfect Love," by per.

What Wondrous Love is This.

Altered and enlarged by R. K. C. Arranged by R. Kelso Carter.

1. What wondrous love is this, O my soul, O my soul! What
2. When I was sink-ing down, O my soul, O my soul! When
3. He led me first to see What I was, O my soul! He
4. He keeps me day by day, O my soul, O my soul! He

wondrous love is this, O my soul! What wondrous love is this, That
I was sinking down, O my soul! When I was sinking down, Be-
led me first to see What I was; He led me first to see My
keeps me day by day, O my soul! I'm liv-ing at his side, Be-

caused the Lord of bliss To send this precious peace To my soul, to my soul,
neath God's righteous frown, Christ laid aside his crown For my soul, for my soul,
sin and mis-er-y, And then he set me free; Bless his name, O my soul!
neath the crimson tide, And Je-sus cru-ci-fied Keeps my soul, keeps my soul,

To send this precious peace To my soul.
Christ laid a-side his crown For my soul.
And then he set me free, O my soul!
And Je-sus cru-ci-fied Keeps my soul.

5 And when to Jordan's flood
We have come, O my soul!
And when to Jordan's flood
We have come;
Jehovah rules the tide,
The water he'll divide,
And welcome home his Bride,
Praise the Lord, O my soul!
And welcome home his Bride,
O my soul!

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He Pays Me Right Along.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. My life is full of sunshine, My heart is full of song, For while I
2. While working in his vineyard His glory makes me strong, And for each
3. I'm working with the Master To o- verthrow the wrong, And tho' I'm

CHORUS.

work for Je - sus He pays me right along. He pays me right along, . . .
moment's la - bor He pays me right along.
weak and fee - ble He pays me right along.

pays me right along,

He pays me right along; . . Yes, while I work for Jesus He pays me right along.

pays me right along;

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4 Until I reach the Jordan,
His praise I will prolong;
For he's the best of Masters,
He pays me right along.

5 I know I'll get to heaven,
And join the blood-washed throng,
But while I'm on the journey
He pays me right along.

THE BEST FRIEND.

1 One there is, above all others,
Well deserves the name of Friend;
His is love beyond a brother's,
Costly, free, and knows no end.

2 Which of all our friends to save us,
Could, or would, have shed his blood?
But our Jesus died to have us
Reconciled, in him, to God.

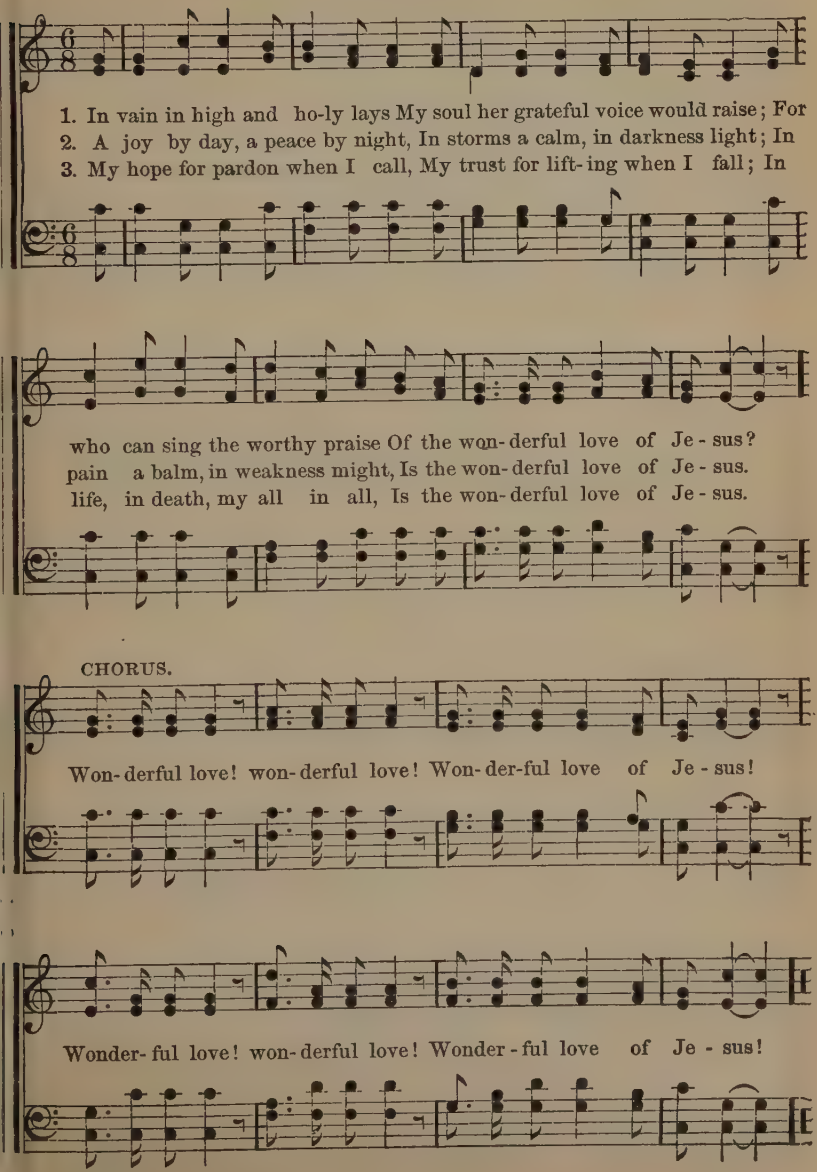
3 When he lived on earth so lowly,
Friend of sinners was his name;
Now enthroned among the holy,
He rejoices in the same.

4 Oh, for grace our hearts to soften!
Teach us, Lord, at length to love;
We, alas! forget too often
What a friend we have above.

Wonderful Love of Jesus.

"The love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."
Eph. iii. 19.

E. D. Mund. E. S. Lorenz.



From "Holy Voices," by per.

124 Sweet Peace, the Gift of God's Love.

P. H. Roblin. P. Bilhorn.

1. There comes to my heart one sweet strain, A glad and a joyous re - frain, sweet strain, refrain,
2. By Christ on the cross peace was made, My debt by his death was all paid, was made, all paid,
3. When Jesus as Lord I had crowned, My heart with this peace did abound, had crowned, abound,
4. In Jesus for peace I a- bide, abide, And as I keep close to his side, his side,

I sing it a- gain and a - gain, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
No oth - er founda- tion is laid For peace, the gift of God's love.
In him the rich blessing I found, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.
There's nothing but peace doth betide, Sweet peace, the gift of God's love.

CHORUS.

Peace, peace, sweet peace! Won- der- ful gift from a- bove! a- bove! Oh,

won- derful, wonder- ful peace! Sweet peace, the gift of God's love!

F

Copyright, 1887, by P. Bilhorn.

Glory to God, Hallelujah!

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. We are nev-er, nev-er wea-ry of the grand old song; Glo-ry to
2. We are lost a-mid the rapture of redeem-ing love; Glo-ry to
3. We are go-ing to a palace that is built of gold; Glo-ry to
4. There we'll shout redeeming mercy in a glad, new song; Glo-ry to

God, hal-le-lu-jah! We can sing it loud as ever, with our faith more strong:
God, hal-le-lu-jah! We are rising on its pinions to the hills a-bove:
God, hal-le-lujah! Where the King in all his splendor we shall soon behold:
God, hallelujah! There we'll sing the praise of Jesus with the blood-wash'd throng:

:S: *Fine.* CHORUS.

Glo-ry to God, hal-le-lu-jah! O, the children of the Lord have a

right to shout and sing, For the way is grow-ing bright, and our

D.S.

souls are on the wing; We are going by and by to the palace of a King!

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I Want to be a Worker.

I. B. "The laborers are few."—Matt. ix. 27. I. BALTZELL.

1. I want to be a worker for the Lord, I want to love and trust his holy
2. I want to be a worker ev-'ry day, I want to lead the erring in the
3. I want to be a worker strong and brave, I want to trust in Jesus' pow'r to
4. I want to be a worker; help me, Lord, To lead the lost and erring to thy

word; I want to sing and pray, and be bu-sy ev-'ry day In the
way That leads to heav'n above, where all is peace and love In the
save; All who will tru-ly come, shall find a hap-py home In the
word That points to joy on high, where pleasures never die In the

CHORUS.

1. vineyard of the Lord. I will work, I will pray, In the
2, 3, 4. kingdom of the Lord. I will work and pray, I will work and pray,

vineyard, in the vineyard of the Lord; of the Lord; I will work, I will

pray, I will la-bor ev-'ry day In the vineyard of the Lord.

By permission.

DO RE MI FA SO LA SI

Showers of Blessing.

"And I will cause the shower to come down in his season."
Ezekiel xxxiv. 26.

JENNIE GARNETT. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Here in thy name we are gathered, Come and revive us, O Lord;
2. O that the showers of bless-ing Now on our souls may descend,
3. There shall be showers of blessing,—Promise that never can fail;
4. Showers of blessing,—we need them, Showers of blessing from thee;

"There shall be showers of bless-ing" Thou hast declared in thy word.
While at the footstool of mer - cy Pleading thy promise we bend!
Thou wilt regard our pe - ti - tion; Sure - ly our faith will pre - vail.
Showers of blessing,—oh, grant them; Thine all the glory shall be.

CHORUS.

Oh, gracious-ly hear us, Gracious-ly hear us, we pray:
gracious-ly hear us,

Pour from thy windows upon us Showers of blessing to-day.
Lord, pour up-on us

Copyright, 1885, by JNO. R. SWENEY.

I Shall Be Like Him.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D.D.

1. When I shall reach the more excellent glory, And all my trials are passed,
2. We shall not wait till the glorious dawning Breaks on the vision so fair,
3. More and more like him, repeat the blest story, Over and o- ver a - gain,

I shall behold him, O wonderful story! I shall be like him at last.
Now we may welcome the heavenly morning, Now we his image may bear.
Changed by his spirit from glory to glory, I shall be sat- isfied then.

CHORUS.

I shall be like him, I shall be like him, And in his beauty shall shine;

I shall be like him, wondrously like him, Jesus, my Saviour di- vine.

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129 O for a heart to praise my God.

Tune, AVON. C.M.

1 O for a heart to praise my God,
A heart from sin set free!
A heart that always feels thy blood,
So freely spilt for me!

2 A heart resigned, submissive, meek,
My great Redeemer's throne;
Where only Christ is heard to speak,
Where Jesus reigns alone.

3 O for a lonely, contrite heart,
Believing, true, and clean,
Which neither life nor death can part
From him that dwells within?

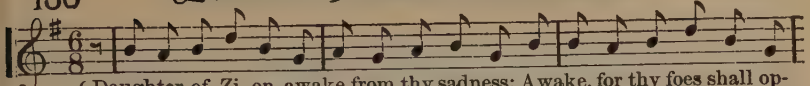
4 A heart in every thought renewed,
And full of love divine;
Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
A copy, Lord, of thine.

5 Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart;
Come quickly from above;
Write thy new name upon my heart,
Thy new, best name of love.

—Charles Wesley

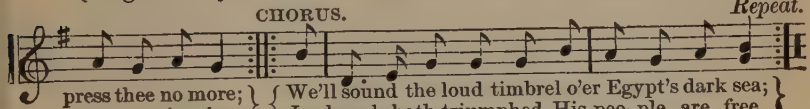
130 Sound the Loud Timbrel.

Arr. by R. K. C.



1. { Daughter of Zi-on, awake from thy sadness; Awake, for thy foes shall op-
{ Bright o'er thy hills dawns the day-star of gladness; Arise, for the night of thy

CHORUS. *Repeat.*



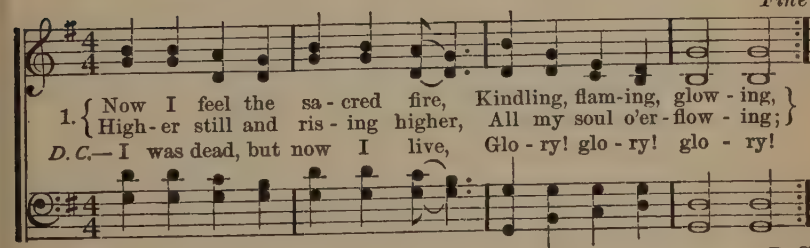
press thee no more; } { We'll sound the loud timbrel o'er Egypt's dark sea; }
sor-row is o'er. } { Je-hovah hath triumphed, His peo-ple are free. }

2 Strong were thy foes; but the arm that subdued them,
And scattered their legions, was mightier far;
They fled like the chaff from the scourge that pursued them;
O, vain were their steeds and their chariots of war.

131 Now I feel the Sacred Fire.

Arranged by R. Kelso Carter.

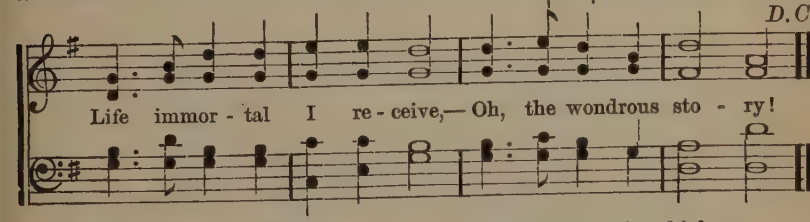
Fine



1. { Now I feel the sa-cred fire, Kindling, flam-ing, glow-ing, }
{ High-er still and ris-ing higher, All my soul o'er-flow-ing; }

D. C.— I was dead, but now I live, Glo-ry! glo-ry! glo-ry!

D. C.



Life immor-tal I re-ceive,— Oh, the wondrous sto-ry!

2 Now I am from bondage freed,
Every bond is riven;
Jesus makes me free indeed,
Just as free as heaven:
'Tis a glorious liberty—
Oh, the wondrous story!
I was bound, but now I'm free,
Glory! glory! glory!

3 Let the testimony roll,
Roll through every nation;
Witnessing from soul to soul,
This immense salvation,
Now I know it's full and free;
Oh, the wondrous story!
For I feel it saving me,
Glory! glory! glory!

4 Glory be to God on high,
Glory be to Jesus!
He hath brought salvation nigh,
From all sin he frees us.
Let the golden harps of God
Ring the wondrous story;
Let the pilgrim shout aloud,
Glory! glory! glory!

5 Let the trump of jubilee,
The glad tidings thunder;
Jesus sets the captives free:
Bursts their bonds asunder;
Fetters break and dungeons fall,
Oh, the wondrous story!
This salvation's free to all,
Glory! glory! glory!

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At the Golden Landing.

EDGAR PAGE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Friends of yore have flown to heaven, Springing from the house of clay;
2. Oft- en at the shades of evening, When I sit me down to rest,
3. And I seem to see their fac - es, Beaming with ce - les- tial love,
4. And I think I hear them speaking, As they oft - en spake to me,
5. Broth- er, sis - ter, faithful sol - dier, If our mingling here so sweet,

Glad to gain their joy - ful free- dom, Borne by an - gel bands a- way.
One by one I count them o - ver, They who are in glo - ry blest.
Shin- ing as their blessed Mas - ter, White-robed, with the saints above.
While I seem to hear them say - ing, "Pil- grim, heaven is waiting thee."
What shall be our joy- ous rap- ture When we at the landing meet!

CHORUS.

While on Pisgah's mount I'm standing, Looking t'ward the vernal shore,

There I seem to see them banding, Just beside the Golden Landing,

Wait - ing to receive me o'er, Precious ones who went before!

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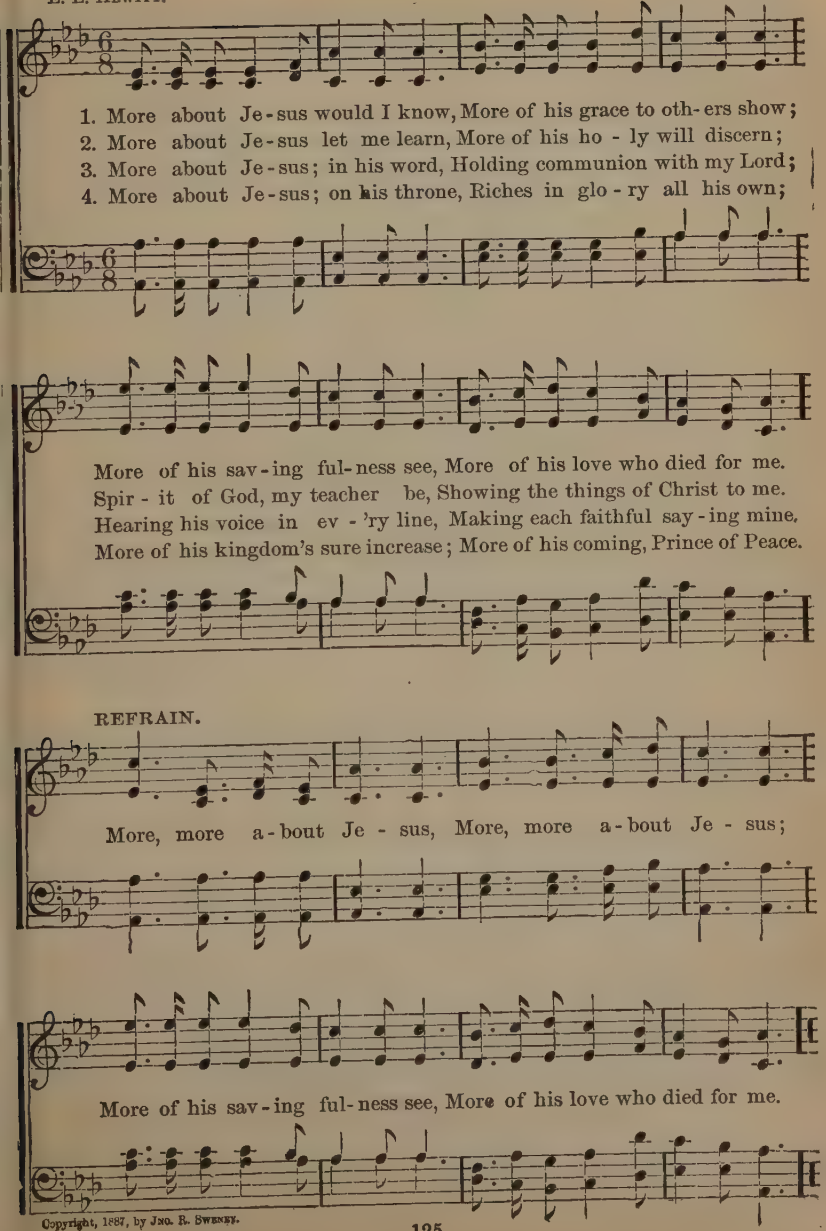
133 More about Jesus.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.



Copyright, 1887, by Jno. R. Sweney.

134 God's Holy Church Shall Triumph.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Press on, press on, ye workers, Be loyal, brave, and true: Great things the Lord is
2. The walls of leagued oppression To dust shall fall away; The sword of truth e-
3. Behold her marching onward, In ma-jesty sublime, A-long the rolling

doing, And greater things will do; His arm-y, still increas-ing With
ternal No power on earth can stay; Though all the hosts of darkness Were
prairies That bound our western clime; And soon from every hamlet On

each revolving year, Shall send a shout of rapture forth That all the world shall hear.
marshalled on the field, The church of God would stand unmoved, With Christ her [strength and shield
all our vast frontier Glad songs shall rise to Jesus, While skeptics turn to hear

CHORUS.

Re-joice, rejoice, ye workers all, re-joice; O, clap your hands and
Rejoice, rejoice, rejoice,

sing, and sing, O, clap your hands and sing; God's holy church shall triumph yet,

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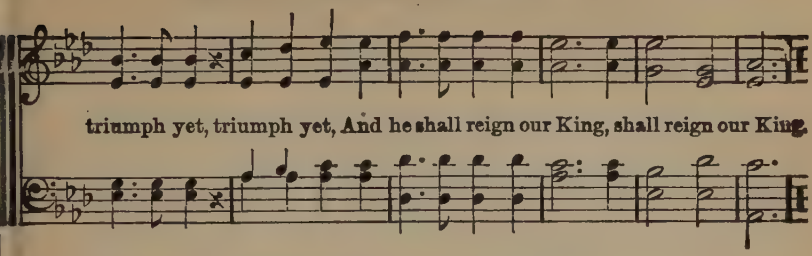
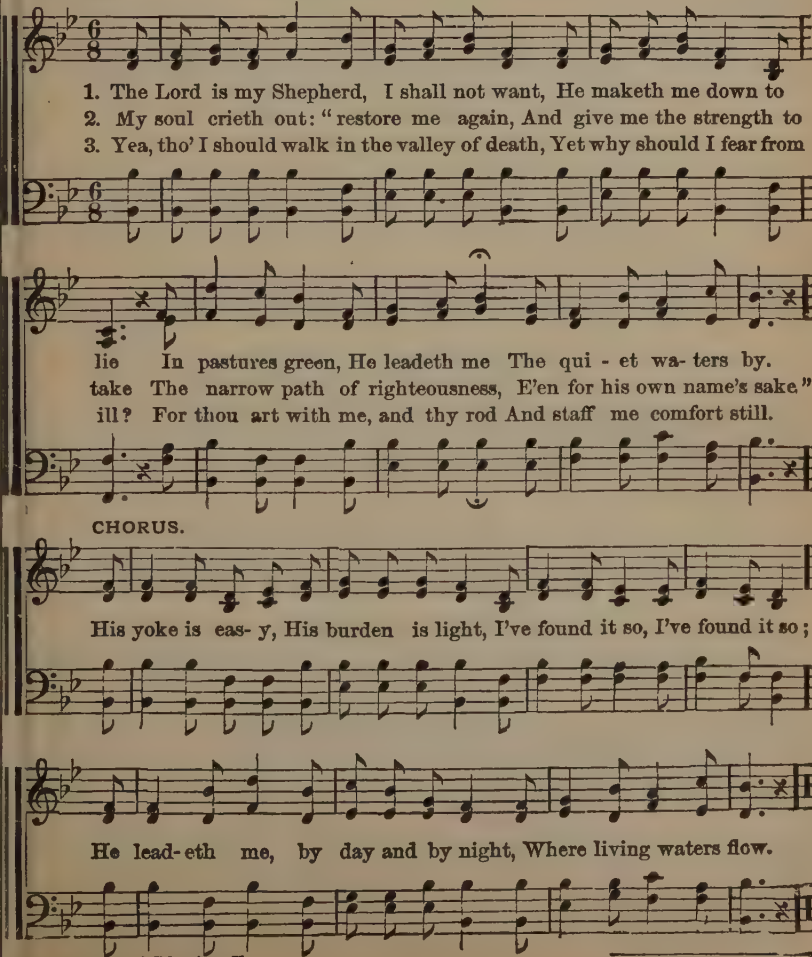


135 His Yoke is Easy.

Ps. xxiii. R. E. Hudson.



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Harvest Time.

W. A. S. Rev. W. A. Spencer, D. D.

1 The seed I have scattered in spring-time with weeping, And watered with
2. An- oth- er may reap what in spring-time I've planted, An- oth - er re-
3. The thorns will have choked, and the summer sun blasted The most of the

tears and with dews from on high; An - oth - er may shout when the
joice in the fruit of my pain,—Not know- ing my tears when in
seed which in spring-time I've sown; But the Lord who has watched while my

har- vesters reaping Shall gather my grain in the "sweet by and by."
summer I faint- ed While toiling sad-heart- ed in sunshine and rain.
wea- ry toil last - ed Will give me a har- vest for what I have done.

CHORUS.

O - ver and o - ver, yes, deep - er and deep- er My heart is pierced

through with life's sor- row- ing cry, But the tears of the sow - er and

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Harvest Time.—CONCLUDED.

Fine

songs of the reap - er shall min- gle to - geth- er in joy by and by.

D.S.

By and by, . . . by and by, . . . By and by, . . . by and by, . . . Yes, the

137 Jesus will Meet You There.

W. L. K. W. Lewis Kane.

1. { Come to Calv'ry's mount to - day, Je - sus will meet you there; }
{ Look and live without de - lay, Je - sus will meet you there. }

CHORUS.

Come to Jesus, Don't stay away, my friend; Come to Jesus, Dont stay away.

2 Rest beneath the hallowed cross,
Jesus will meet you there;
Saving mercy gained for loss,
Jesus will meet you there.

3 Come and join his faithful band,
Jesus will meet you there;
Take his mighty, helping hand,
Jesus will meet you there.

4 At the blessed mercy seat,
Jesus will meet you there;
Come with this assurance sweet,
Jesus will meet you there.

5 You'll find rest in heaven at last,
Jesus will meet you there;
And be happy with the blest,
Jesus will meet you there.

...1888 by Jno. R. Swen...

Do Something To-Day.

LANTA WILSON SMITH. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. You're longing to work for the Master, Yet waiting for something to do;
2. Go rescue that wandering brother Who sinks 'neath his burden of woe,
3. Go sing happy songs of rejoicing With those who no sorrows have known;
4. O never, my brother, stand waiting, Be willing to do what you can;

You fancy the future is holding Some wonderful mission for you;
A single kind action may save him, If love and compassion you show;
Go weep with the heart-broken mourner, Go comfort the sad and the lone;
The humblest service is need-ed, To fill out the Father's great plan;

But while you are waiting the moments Are rapid-ly passing a-way;
Don't shrink from the vilest about you, If you can but lead them from sin;
From pitfalls and snares of the tempter Go rescue the thoughtless and wild:
Be earning your stars of rejoic-ing While earth-life is passing a-way;

O brother, awake from your dreaming, Do something for Jesus to-day.
For this is the grandest of missions,— Lost souls for the Master to win.
Go win from pale lips a 'God bless you,' Go brighten the life of a child.
Win some one to meet you in glo-ry,— Do something for Jesus to-day.

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Do Something To-Day.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

Do something, do something, Do something for Jesus to - day;

Do something, do something,

O brother, the moments are passing, Do something for Jesus to - day.

139 I'll Live for Him.

C. R. DUNBAR.

1. My life, my love I give to thee, Thou Lamb of God, who died for me;
2. I now believe thou dost receive, For thou hast died that I might live;
3. Oh, thou who died on Cal - va- ry, To save my soul and make me free,

CHO.—I'll live for him who died for me, How happy then my life shall be!

D.C.

Oh, may I ev - er faith-ful be, My Saviour and my God!
And now henceforth I'll trust in thee, My Saviour and my God!
I con - secrate my life to thee, My Saviour and my God!

I'll live for him who died for me, My Saviour and my God!

By permission.

Grace is Free.

Emma M. Johnston. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. There's nothing like the old, old sto - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
2. There's on - ly hope in trusting Je - sus, Grace is free, grace is free!
3. From age to age the theme is tell - ing, Grace is free, grace is free!

Cho.—There's nothing like, etc.

Fine.

Which saints and martyrs tell in glo - ry, Grace is free, grace is free!
From sin that doomed he died to free us, Grace is free, grace is free!
From shore to shore the strains are swelling, Grace is free, grace is free!

It brought them thro' the flood and flame, By it they fought and overcame,
Who would not tell the sto - ry sweet Of love so wondrous, so complete,
And when that time shall cease to be, And faith is crowned with victo - ry,

Use first four lines as Chorus. D. C.

And now they cry thro' his dear name, Grace is free, grace is free!
And fall in rap - ture at his feet, Grace is free, grace is free!
'Twill sound thro' all e - ter - ni - ty, Grace is free, grace is free!

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Blessed be the Name.

W. H. Clark. Arranged by Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. All praise to Him who reigns a-bove, In ma-jes-ty su-preme,
2. His name a-bove all names shall stand, Exalt-ed more and more,
3. Re-deem-er, Saviour, Friend of man Once ru-ined by the fall,
4. His name shall be the Counsel-lor, The might-y Prince of Peace,

Who gave his Son for man to die, That he might man re-deem.
At God the Father's own right hand, Where angel hosts a-dore.
Thou hast devised sal-vation's plan, For thou hast died for all.
Of all earth's kingdoms conquer-or, Whose reign shall never cease.

CHORUS.

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord;

Blessed be the name, blessed be the name, Blessed be the name of the Lord.

5 The ransomed hosts to thee shall bring
Their praise and homage meet;
With rapturous awe adore their King,
And worship at his feet.

6 Then shall we know as we are known,
And in that world above
Forever sing around the throne
His everlasting love.

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Jesus is Strong to Deliver.

J. P. W.

1. When in the tempest he'll hide us, When in the storm he'll be near;
2. When in my sorrow he found me, Found me, and bade me be whole.
3. Why are you doubting and fearing, Why are you still under sin?
4. You say, "I-am weak, I am helpless, I've tried again and again;" Well,

All the way 'long he will carry us on,—Now we have nothing to fear.
Turn'd all my night into heavenly light, And from me my burden did roll.
Have you not found that his grace doth abound, He's mighty to save, let him in!
this may be true, but it's not what *you* do, 'Tis *he* who's the "mighty to save."

CHORUS.

Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Mighty to save, mighty to save!

Je-sus is strong to de-liv-er, Je-sus is mighty to save!

From "Highway Songs," by permission.

The Haven of Rest.

H. L. Gilmour. Geo. D. Moore.

1. My soul in sad ex - ile was out on life's sea, So burdened with sin, and dis - trest, Till I heard a sweet voice saying,
2. I yield - ed my - self to his ten - der embrace, And faith taking hold of the word, My fetters fell off, and I
3. The song of my soul, since the Lord made me whole, Has been the OLD STORY so blest Of Jesus, who'll save who-so-
4. How pre - cious the thought that we all may re - cline, Like John the be- lov - ed and blest, On Jesus' strong arm, where no
5. Oh, come to the Sav - iour, he pa - tient- ly waits To save by his power di - vine; Come, anchor your soul in the

S.

D. S.—The tempest may sweep o'er the wild, stormy deep, In Je - sus I'm safe ev - er - more.

Fine.

make me your choice; And I entered the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
anchored my soul; The ha - ven of rest is my Lord.
ev - er will have A home in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
tem - pest can harm,— Se - cure in the "Ha - ven of Rest!"
ha - ven of rest, And say, "my Be - lov - ed is mine."

D. S.

CHORUS.

I've anchored my soul in the haven of rest, I'll sail the wide seas no more;

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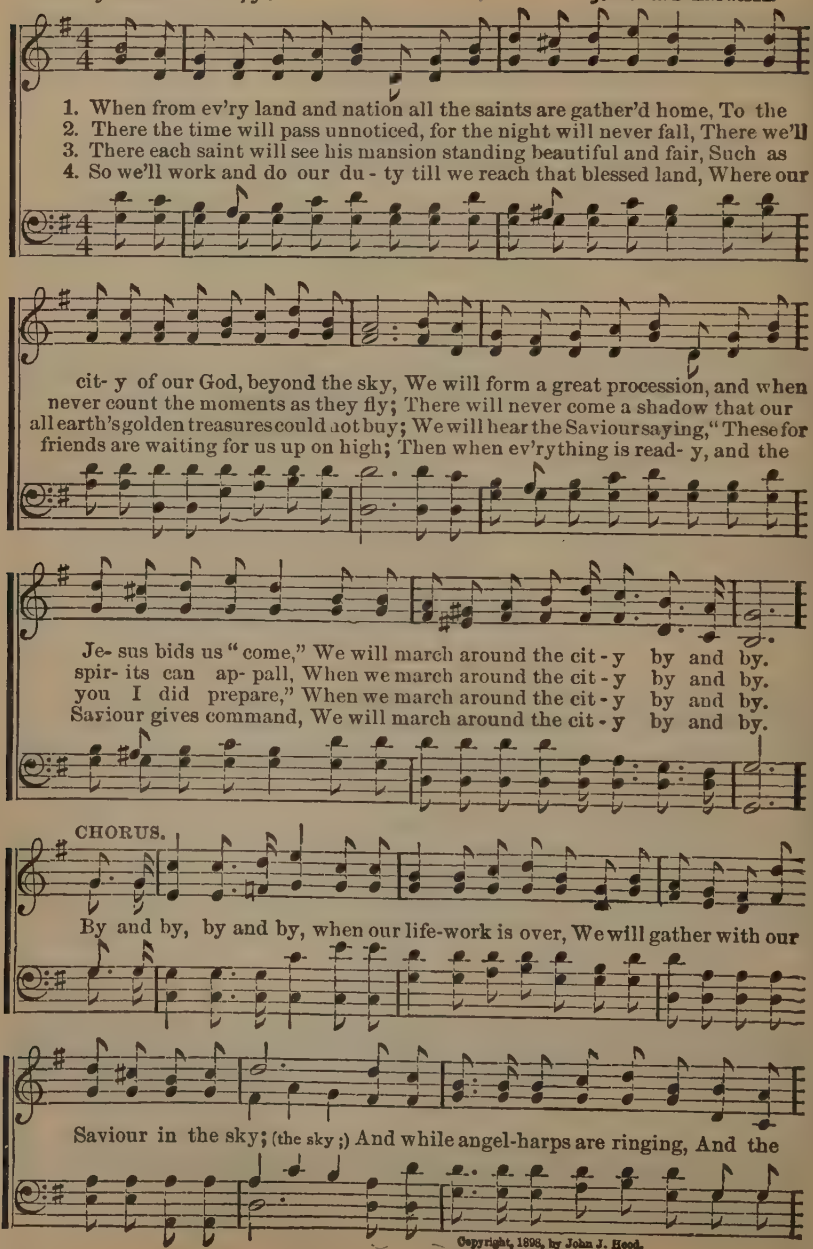
144 We will March Around the City.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.



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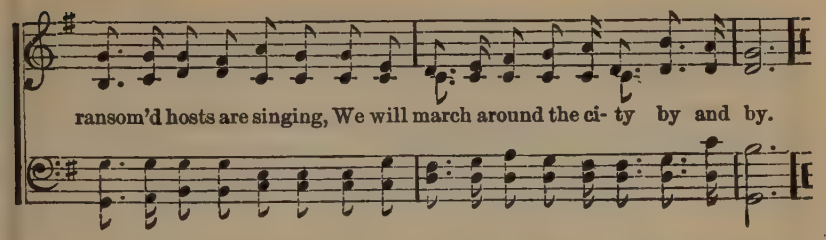
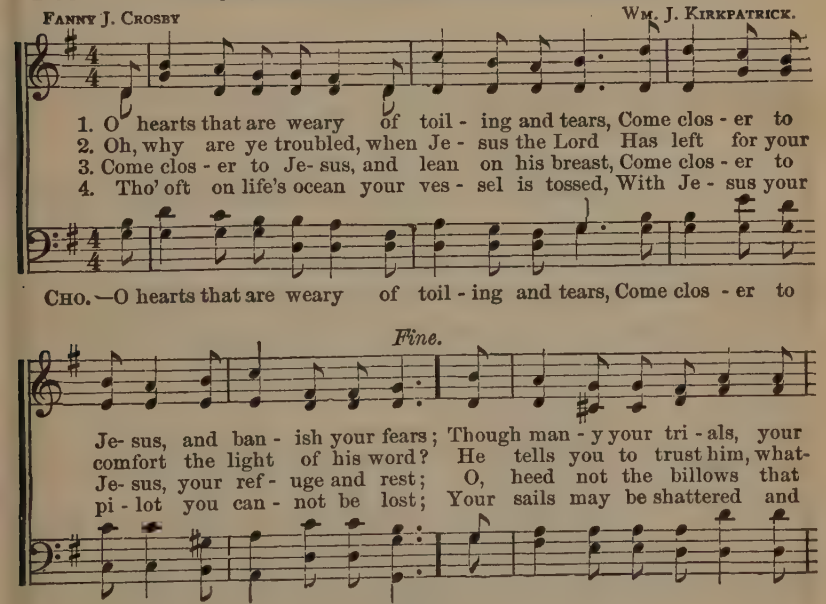
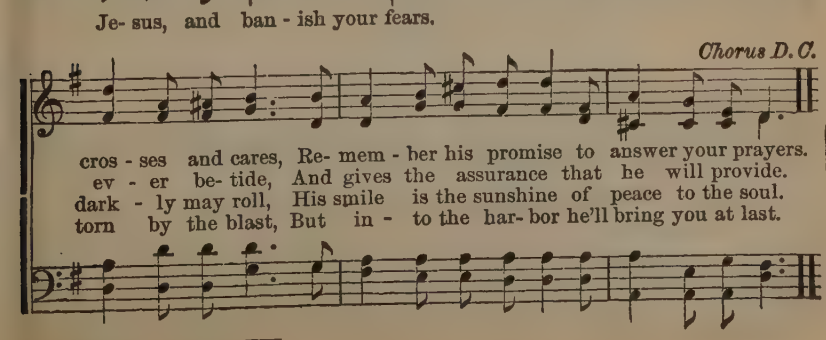
We will March, etc.—CONCLUDED.



145 O Hearts that are Weary.

FANNY J. CROSBY — WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.





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Sunshine in the Soul.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney

1. There's sunshine in my soul to-day, More glo - ri- ous and bright Than glows in an - y earthly sky, For Je - sus is my light. Oh, there's sun - - shine, blessed sun - shine, When the peaceful, happy moments roll; When Jesus shows his smiling face There is sunshine in the soul.
2. There's mu- sic in my soul to-day, A car - ol to my King, And Je - sus, list - ening, can hear The songs I can-not sing.
3. There's springtime in my soul to-day, For when the Lord is near The dove of peace sings in my heart, The flowers of grace ap - pear.
4. There's gladness in my soul to-day, And hope, and praise, and love, For blessings which he gives me now, For joys "laid up" a - bove.

REFRAIN.

sunshine in the soul, bless - ed sunshine in the soul, happy moments roll;

Copyright, 1897, by Jno. R. Sweney.

It Just Suits Me.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. What a wonder - ful salvation! For its length and breadth and height
2. Oh, this blessed "who-so - ev - er," Calling ev - 'ry one who will,
3. Precious promis - es of Je - sus, Sweeping ev - 'ry human need!
4. What a perfect, present Saviour! What a true and loving friend!

Far ex - cel the grandest knowledge Of the ser - a- phim in light;
To the sparkling, liv- ing waters, Flowing ful - ly, free - ly still;
For the grace of our Redeem- er Must our high - est thought exceed;
Can we ev - er praise him rightly? Tell how grace and glo - ry blend?

I can nev - er, nev - er fathom Half its ho - ly mys - ter - y,
No, I know not why he loves me, But his blood is all my plea;
To the mighty, roy - al storehouse Let me use the gold - en key,
Now the Prince of Peace is reigning, O - ver - rul- ing all I see;

CHORUS.

But I know it is for sinners, And it just suits me. It just suits
I can trust his "whoso- ev - er," For it just suits me.
Find the special, tender promise That will just suit me.
So, whatev - er lot he orders, May it just suit me.

me, It just suits me, This wonderful salvation, It just suits me.

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I Have Found Jesus.

JOHN M. BAKER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. I have found the blessed Jesus, He who died up - on the tree To
2. I have found the blessed Jesus, And you can find him too; Come
3. I have found the blessed Jesus, Such a lov- ing, faithful friend, He

purchase my redemption,—Sal- vation full and free; And he saves me now,—he
now and claim his promise, He died for e- ven you; Come, oh, come and let him
nev- er will forsake me, But go with me to the end; When I cross the riv- er

saves me And keeps me, bless his name! Oh, glo- ry, hal- le - lu- jah,
save you, To seek the lost he came, Oh, glo- ry, hal- le - lu- jah,
Jor- dan He'll go with me, praise his name! Oh, glo- ry, hal- le - lu- jah,

CHORUS.

He is always just the same. He is always just the same, He is

always just the same; Oh, glory, halle - lujah, He is always just the same.

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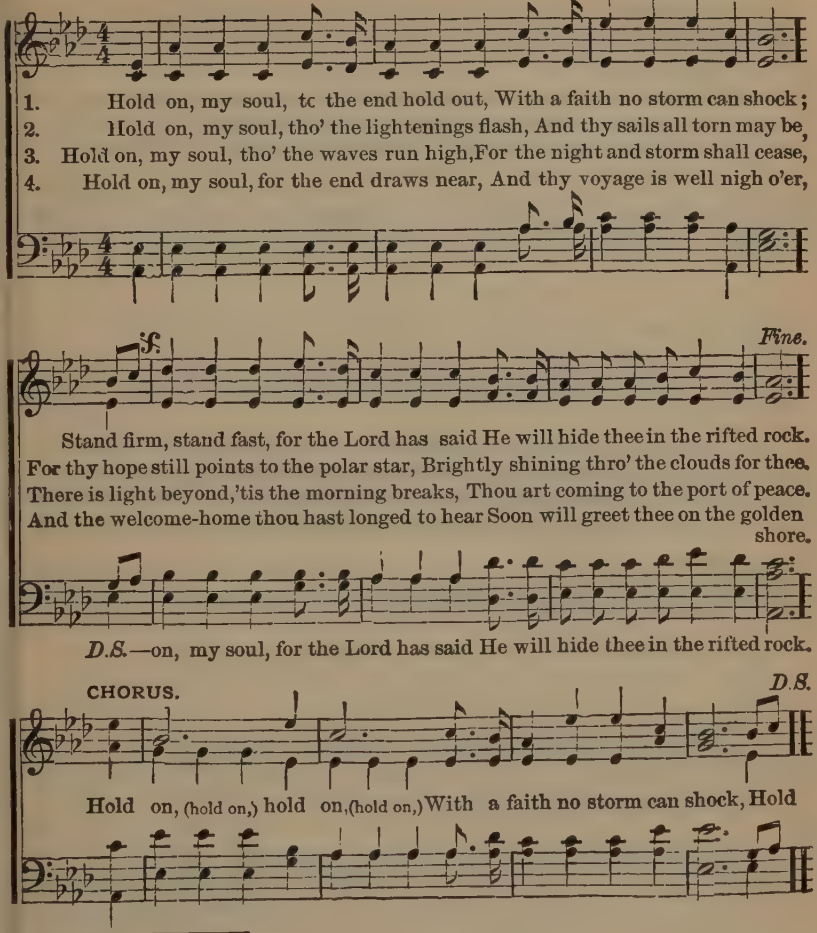
149

Hold On, My Soul.

Wm. H. Jones. Jno. R. Sweney.



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MY SOUL, BE ON THY GUARD.—Laban, key D.

1 My soul, be on thy guard,
Ten thousand foes arise;
The hosts of sin are pressing hard
To draw thee from the skies.

2 Oh, watch, and fight, and pray;
The battle ne'er give o'er;
Renew it boldly every day,
And help divine implore.

3 Ne'er think the vict'ry won,
Nor lay thine armor down;
The work of faith will not be done
Till thou obtain the crown.

4 Then persevere till death
Shall bring thee to thy God;
He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
To his divine abode.

Washed White as Snow.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Tho' my sins were once like crimson red, To the healing stream my feet were led,
2. At the door of faith I entered in, And to him confessed my guilt and sin,
3. Tho' my heart was all I had to give, Yet he smiled and bade me look and live;
4. I will sing his pow'r from death to save, I will sing his triumph o'er the grave,

In the precious blood my Saviour shed He washed me white as snow.
With his own dear hand he washed me clean, He washed me white as snow.
What a calm, sweet peace did I receive!—He washed me white as snow.
I will sing, while crossing Jordan's wave, He washed me white as snow.

CHORUS.

O, my joy - ful song henceforth shall be, 'Tis the blood of Je - sus

cleanseth me, Cleanseth, cleans- eth, Oh, yes, it cleanseth me.

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Shall I Turn Back?

E. E. Hewitt. Arr. by J. J. H.

1. Lost, lost on the mountains of sin and de-spair, Till Je-sus in
2. My days, swiftly passing, have brought from above So man-y bright
3. How well I re-member, in sorrow's dark night, The lamp of his
4. Be-fore me the tow'rs of Je-ru-sa-lem rise, Each day I am

love, sought and rescued me there, He saved me from wand'ring, he
tok-ens of mer-cy and love; "More grace" he has giv-en, and
word shed its beau-ti-ful light, And sweet was the voice of the
near-ing my home in the skies; My Sav-iour a mansion of

gave me re-lease, And led me to pathways of blessing and peace.
burdens removed, Yes, o-ver and o-ver, his goodness I've proved.
Comfort-er then, A-waking new praises a-gain and a-gain.
joy will prepare, And loved ones are waiting to welcome me there.

CHORUS.

And shall I turn back in-to the world? Oh, no! not I! not I!

And shall I turn back in-to the world? No, no, not I!

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Jesus, I Would be Thine.

N. B. S.

N. B. Sargent.

1. Je-sus, I would be thine, Ne'er to part, ne'er to part;
2. Naught in the world can give Peace and rest, peace and rest;
3. Tri-als may wait me here, Fears a-larm, fears a-larm;
4. When all our tri-als cease May we rest, may we rest

rit.

O, let the light now shine In my heart, in my heart.
But in thy love to live, I am blest, I am blest.
But with my Sav-iour near Naught can harm, naught can harm.
In the bright land of peace, With the blest, with the blest.

CHORUS.

Je-sus, I would be thine, Nev-er a-gain to roam,
be thine, to roam,

Je-sus, I would be thine, In the heavenly home.
be thine,

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Do the Best You Can.

E. E. Rexford. Jno. R. Bryant.

1. If clouds blot out the sunshine A- long the path you tread, Don't grieve in
2. A- way with vain repin - ing! Sing songs of hope and cheer, Till many a
3. So in the time of trouble Let not your courage fail, The clouds must

hopeless fashion, And sigh for brightness fled; Beyond the cloud the
wea - ry comrade Grows strong of heart to hear; He who sings o - ver
sometime van - ish, The sun at last pre - vail; Trust we th' e- ter - nal

D.S.—Let not your courage

sunlight Shines in God's changeless plan, Trust that the way will brighten,
trouble, With faith in God a - bove, Sees thro' earth's clouds the sunshine
goodness, The all-wise Father's plan, And, brave with hope and courage,

fal- ter, Keep faith in God and man, And all a- long life's pathway

Fine. CHORUS.

And do the best you can.
Of God's e - ter - nal love.
Do just the best you can.

Then do . . . . your best, . . . Yes,
Then do the best you can,

Do just the best you can.

D.S.

do the best you can; Then do . . . your best, Yes, do the best you can;
Then do the best you can,

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154 I'll Go where You want Me to Go.

MARY BROWN. "CONSECRATION." CARRIE E. ROUNSEFELL.

Andante.

1. It may not be on the mountain's height, Or o - ver the stormy sea;
2. Perhaps to-day there are loving words Which Jesus would have me speak—
3. There's surely somewhere a lowly place, In earth's harvest fields so wide—

It may not be at the battle's front My Lord will have need of me;
There may be now in the paths of sin Some wand'rer whom I should seek—
Where I may labor thro' life's short day For Je- sus the cru - ci - fied—

But, if by a still, small voice he calls To paths that I do not know,
O Saviour, if thou wilt be my guide, Tho' dark and rugged the way,
So trusting my all to thy tender care, And knowing thou lovest me,

I'll answer, dear Lord, with my hand in thine, I'll go where you want me to go.
My voice shall echo thy message sweet, I'll say what you want me to say.
I'll do thy will with a heart sincere, I'll be what you want me to be.

REFRAIN.

I'll go where you want me to go, dear Lord, Over mountain, or plain, or sea;

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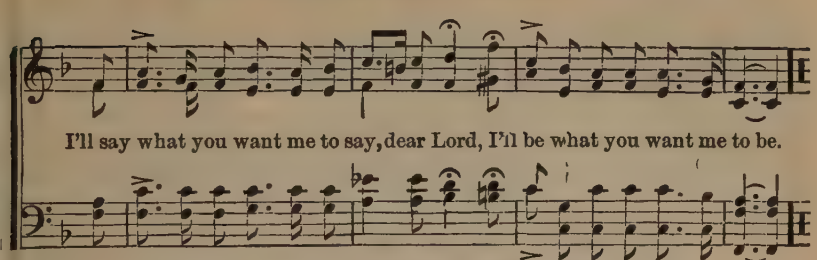
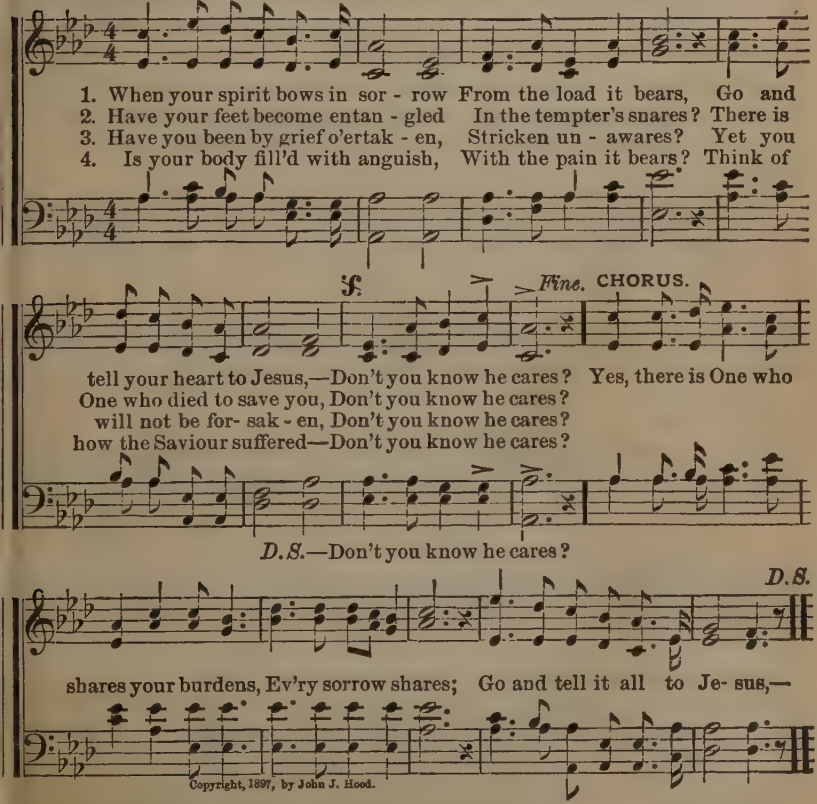
I'll Go where You, etc.—CONCLUDED.



155 Don't You Know He Cares?

Like Elijah, when he sat under the Juniper tree and prayed for the Lord to take his life, how often we in hours of trouble, sit under our Juniper tree of sorrow alone and cry out, "I am passing through the waters and 'Nobody Cares.'"

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.



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5 Loss of friends and loss of fortune—
Life a dark look wears;
Yet the Saviour still is with you,
Don't you know he cares?

6 So amid life's cares and struggles,
Blending songs with prayers—
Always put your trust in Jesus,
Don't you know he cares?

Beautiful Robes.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

Not too fast.

1. We shall walk with him in white, In that country pure and bright, Where shall
2. We shall walk with him in white, Where faith yields to blissful sight, When the
3. We shall walk with him in white, By the fountains of delight, Where the

enter naught that may defile; Where the day-beam ne'er declines, For the
beauty of the King we see; Holding converse full and sweet, In a
Lamb his ransomed ones shall lead, For his blood shall wash each stain, Till no

blessed light that shines Is the glo - ry of the Saviour's smile.
fel - lowship complete; Waking songs of ho - ly mel - o - dy.
spot of sin remain, And the soul for - ev - ermore is freed.

CHORUS.

Beau - - tiful robes, . . Beau - - tiful robes, . .
Beautiful robes, beautiful robes, Beautiful robes, beautiful robes,

Beau - - - ti- ful robes we then shall wear, . .
Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear, Beau - ti - ful robes we then shall wear.

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Beautiful Robes.—CONCLUDED.

Gar - - ments of light, . . . Love - - ly and bright, . .
Garments of light, . . Garments of light, Lovely and bright, . . Lovely and bright,

Walking with Je - sus in white, Beau- ti - ful robes we shall wear.

157 Jesus, I Come to Thee.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Je - sus, I come to thee, Longing for rest; Fold thou thy
2. Je - sus, I come to thee, Hear thou my cry; Save, or I
3. Now let the roll- ing waves Bend to thy will, Say to the
4. Swiftly the part- ing clouds Fade from my sight; Yon- der thy

CHORUS.

wea - ry child Safe to thy breast. Rocked on storm- y sea,
per - ish, Lord, Save, or I die.
troubled deep, Peace, peace, be still.
bow ap- pears, Love - ly and bright.

Oh, be not far from me, Lord, let me cling to thee, On - ly to thee.

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Higher and Higher.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. B. Frank Butts.

1. Since I first started for heaven and right, Since I first entered the
2. Earth with her pleasures would oft bid me stay, Sin and temptations would
3. Tho' I've the Witness within me, I know, Still I am longing more
4. Each day the pathway is growing more bright, So I will follow my

pathway of light, This is my mot- to by day and by night,
turn from the way, But I press forward, no time for de - lay,
like him to grow, Long- ing with him on the mountain to go,
Lord with delight, Up to that country where com- eth no night,

CHORUS.

High - er and high- er each day. High - er and high - er,

high- er and high - er, Onward and upward each day I a- spire;

Following Je- sus is all my desire, Higher and higher each day.

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159 Since I Have Been Redeemed.

E. O. E. E. O. Excell. By per.

1. I have a song I love to sing, Since I have been redeemed, Of my Re-
2. I have a Christ that satis-fies, Since I have been redeemed, To do his
3. I have a Witness bright and clear, Since I have been redeemed, Dispelling
4. I have a joy I can't express, Since I have been redeemed, All thro' his
5. I have a home prepared for me, Since I have been redeemed, Where I shall

CHORUS.

deemer, Saviour King, Since I have been redeemed. Since I . . . have been re-
will my highest prize, Since I have been redeemed.
every doubt and fear, Since I have been redeemed.
blood and righteousness, Since I have been redeemed.
dwell e-ter-nal-ly, Since I have been redeemed. Since I have been redeemed, since

deemed, Since I have been redeemed, I will glory in his name, Since
I have been redeemed,

I . . . . have been redeemed, I will glory in the Saviour's name.
I have been redeemed, since I have been redeemed,

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160 I will Shout His Praise in Glory.

P. H. Dingman. Jno R. Sweney.

1. You ask what makes me happy, my heart so free from care, It is because my
2. I was a friendless wand'rer till Jesus took me in, My life was full of
3. I wish that ev'ry sinner before his throne would bow; He waits to bid them
4. I mean to live for Jesus while here on earth I stay, And when his voice shall

Sav - iour in mercy heard my prayer; He brought me out of darkness and
sor - row, my heart was full of sin; But when the blood so precious spoke
welcome, he longs to bless them now; If they but knew the rapture that
call me to realms of endless day, As one by one we gath - er, re-

now the light I see; O blessed, loving Saviour! to him the praise shall be.
pardon to my soul; Oh, blissful, blissful moment! 'twas joy beyond control.
in his love I see, They'd come and shout salvation, and sing his praise with me.
joicing on the shore, We'll shout his praise in glory, and sing forev- ermore.

CHORUS.

I will shout his praise in glo - ry, So will I, so will I, And we'll
all sing halle - lu-jah in heav-en by and by; I will shout his praise in

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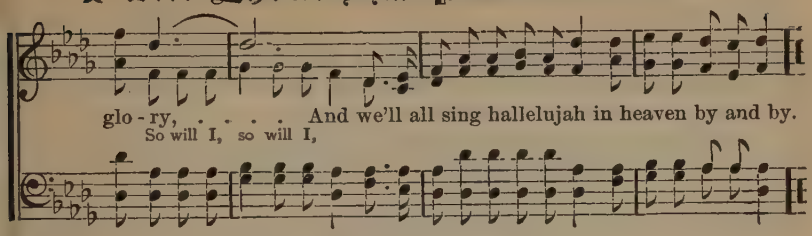
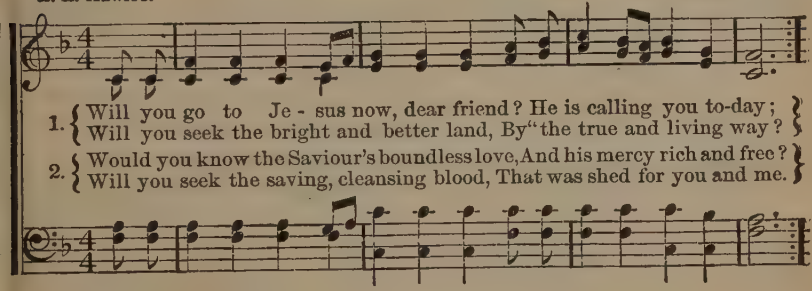
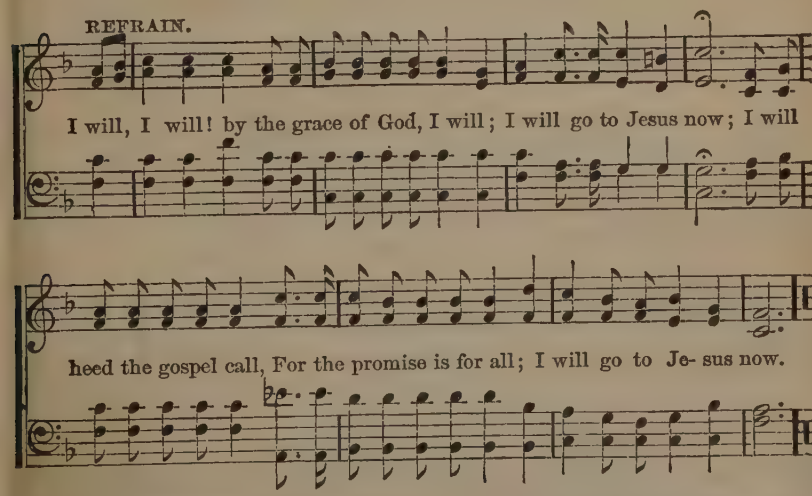
I will Shout His Praise.—CONCLUDED.



161 By Grace I Will.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





3 Will you consecrate your life to him,
To be ever his alone?
And your loving service freely yield,
To the King upon his throne.

4 Will you follow where the Master leads,
Choosing only his renown,
Will you daily bear the cross for him,
Till he bids you wear the crown?

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Gathering Home.

Miss Marvana B. Slade. R. N. M'Intosh. By per.

1. Up to the bounti- ful Giv- er of life,—Gathering home! gathering home!
2. Up to the city where falleth no night,—Gathering home! gathering home!
3. Up to the beautiful mansions above,—Gathering home! gathering home!

Up to the dwelling where cometh no strife, The dear ones are gathering home.
Up where the Saviour's own face is the light, The dear ones are gathering home.
Safe in the arms of his in - finite love, The dear ones are gathering home.

CHORUS.

Gath- er- ing home! . . . . . gath-er - ing home! . . . . .
Gath - er - ing home! gath - er - ing home!

Nev-er to sorrow more, never to roam; Gathering home! . . . .
Gath- er - ing home!

gath- er - ing home! . . . . God's children are gather - ing home.
gath- er - ing home!

Stepping in the Light.

L. H. Edmunds. W. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Trying to follow our
2. Pressing more closely to him who is leading, When we are tempted to
3. Walking in footsteps of gen - tle forbearance, Footsteps of faithfulness,
4. Trying to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Upward, still upward we'll

Saviour and King; Shaping our lives by his blessed ex- am - ple,
turn from the way; Trusting the arm that is strong to defend us,
mer - cy, and love, Looking to him for the grace free- ly promised,
fol - low our Guide, When we shall see him, "the King in his beauty,"

CHORUS.

Happy, how happy, the songs that we bring. How beautiful to walk in the
Happy, how happy, our praises each day.
Happy, how happy, our journey above.
Happy, how happy, our place at his side.

steps of the Saviour, Stepping in the light, Stepping in the light; How

beautiful to walk in the steps of the Saviour, Led in paths of light.

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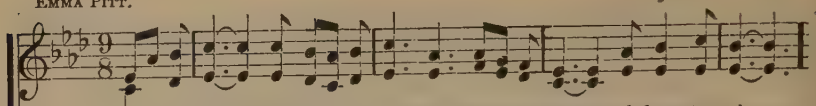
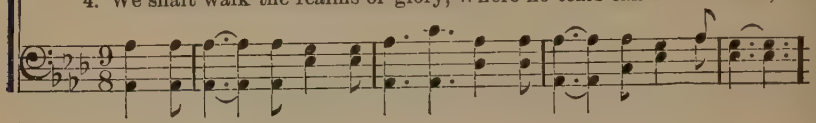
164 We shall Walk the Realms of Glory.

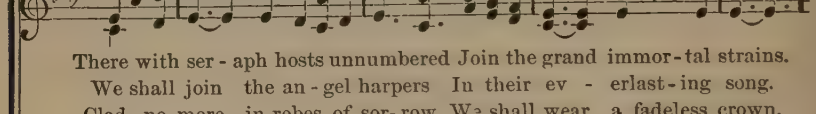
EMMA PITT. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



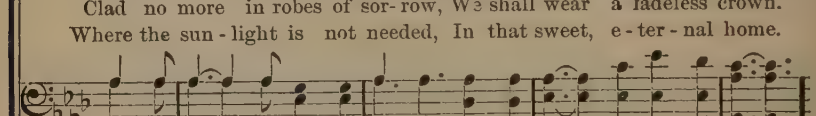
1. We shall walk the realms of glory, Where e - ter - nal beauty reigns,
2. We shall walk the realms of glory With the blood-wash'd, mighty throng,
3. We shall walk the realms of glory, And by Je - sus' side sit down;
4. We shalt walk the realms of glory, Where no tears can ev - er come,



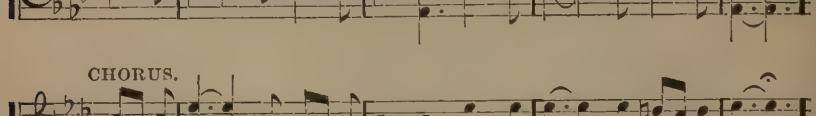
There with ser - aph hosts unnumbered Join the grand immor - tal strains.
We shall join the an - gel harpers In their ev - erlast - ing song.
Clad no more in robes of sor - row, We shall wear a fadeless crown.
Where the sun - light is not needed, In that sweet, e - ter - nal home.

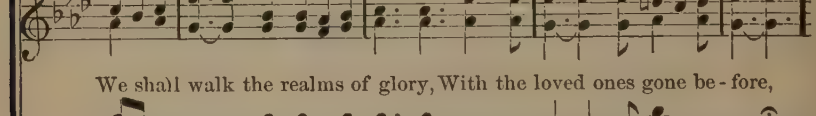


CHORUS.



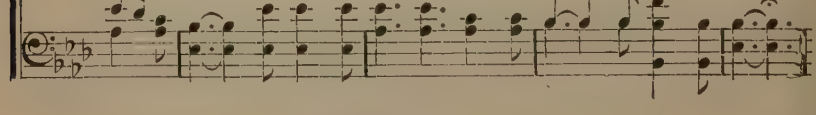
We shall walk the realms of glory, With the loved ones gone be - fore,





rit.

We shall sing the sweet old sto - ry, O - ver on the oth - er shore.



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Love Found Me.

H. L. Gilmour. John iii: 16. Arr. by H. L. G.

1. When out in sin and darkness lost, Love found me, My fainting soul was
2. The Spirit roused me from my sleep, Love found me, Conviction seized me
3. I'll praise him while he gives me breath, Love found me, For saving from an
4. And when I reach the gold paved street, Love found me, I'll sit a - doring

tempest tossed, Love found me, I heard the Saviour's words so blest, Love found me,
strong and deep, Love found me, Although I long withstood his grace, Love found me,
endless death, Love found me, Christ is my ad- vocate above, Love found me.
at his feet, Love found me, And sing hosannas round the throne, Love found me,

CHORUS.

Come, weary, heavy laden, rest, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, love,
He wooed me to his kind embrace, Love found me.
I'm yoked to him in perfect love, Love found me.
Where I shall know as I am known, Love found me. Oh, 'twas love, 'twas wondrous love,

Love that moved the mighty God, Love, love, 'twas love found me.

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The Very Same Jesus.

L. H. Edmunds. "This same Jesus."—Acts i: 11. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Come, sinners, to the Liv- ing One, He's just the same Je- sus
2. Come, feast up- on the "living bread," He's just the same Je- sus
3. Come, tell him all your griefs and fears, He's just the same Je- sus
4. Come un - to him for clear- er light, He's just the same Je- sus

As when he raised the wid- ow's son, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when the mul - ti - tudes he fed, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he shed those lov - ing tears, The ver - y same Je - sus.
As when he gave the blind their sight, The ver - y same Je - sus.

CHORUS.

The ver - y same Je - sus, The won- der work- ing Je - sus;

Oh, praise his name, he's just the same, The ver - y same Je - sus.

5 Calm 'midst the waves of trouble be,
He's just the same Jesus
As when he hushed the raging sea,
The very same Jesus.

6 Some day our raptured eyes shall see
He's just the same Jesus;
Oh, blessed day for you and me;
The very same Jesus.

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We'll Never Say Good By.

"We shall never say 'good by' in heaven."—The words of a dying Christian woman.

MRS. E. W. CHAPMAN. J. H. TENNEY.

1. Our friends on earth we meet with pleasure, While swift the moments fly,
2. How joyful is the thought that lingers, When loved ones cross death's sea,
3. No parting words shall e'er be spoken In that bright land of flowers,

Yet ev - er comes the thought of sadness That we must say good by.
That when our la - bors here are end - ed, With them we'll ev - er be.
But songs of joy, and peace, and gladness, Shall ev - ermore be ours.

CHORUS.

We'll nev - er say good by in heaven, We'll never say good by, . . .
good by.

Repeat Chorus pp

For in that land of joy and song We'll never say good by.

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168 Leaning on the Everlasting Arms.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. A. J. Showalter.

1. What a fel- lowship, what a joy divine, Leaning on the ev - er -
2. Oh, how sweet to walk in this pilgrim way, Leaning on the ev - er -
3. What have I to dread, what have I to fear, Leaning on the ev - er -

last - ing arms; What a bless - ed- ness, What a peace is mine,
last - ing arms; Oh, how bright the path grows from day to day,
last - ing arms? I have bless - ed peace with my Lord so near,

REFRAIN.

Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing,
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms.
Lean - ing on the ev - er - last - ing arms. Lean - ing on Je - sus,

lean - ing, Safe and se-cure from all a - larms;
Lean - ing on Je - sus,

Lean - ing, lean - ing, Leaning on the ev- er- lasting arms.
Lean-ing on Je - sus, lean- ing on Je - sus,

By per. A. J. Showalter.

He Hideth my Soul.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

Allegretto.

1. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, A wonderful Saviour to me, He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, Where rivers of
2. A wonderful Saviour is Je- sus my Lord, He taketh my burden a - way, He holdeth me up, and I shall not be moved, He giveth me
3. With numberless blessings each moment he crowns, And fill'd with his fulness di- vine, I sing in my rapture, oh, glo - ry to God For such a Re -
4. When clothed in his brightness transported I rise To meet him in clouds of the' sky, His perfect salvation, his wonderful love, I'll shout with the

CHORUS.

pleasure I see. He hideth my soul in the cleft of the rock, That
strength as my day.
deemer as mine!
millions on high.

shadows a dry, thirsty land; He hid- eth my life in the depths of his

love, And covers me there with his hand, And covers me there with his hand.

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Tell it Out with Gladness.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Are you hap-py in the Lord, Tell it out with gladness; Are you
2. Are you walking in the light, Tell it out with gladness; Is your
3. Do you love the place of prayer, Tell it out with gladness; Do you

trusting in his word, Tell it out with gladness; If a Saviour's love you feel,
hope of glory bright, Tell it out with gladness; Have you perfect peace within,
find a blessing there, Tell it out with gladness; While your thoughts on Jesus dwell,

Can your soul its power conceal? To the world your joy reveal, Tell it
Are you try-ing still to win Constant victory o-ver sin, Tell it
Does your soul with rapture swell? Can you say that all is well? Tell it

CHORUS.

out with gladness. Tell it out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell it

out, tell it out, tell it out with gladness, Tell the world . . . the joy you

world the joy you feel, tell the

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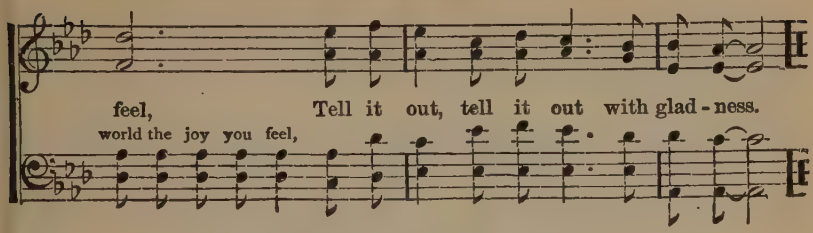
Tell it Out with Gladness.—CONCLUDED.

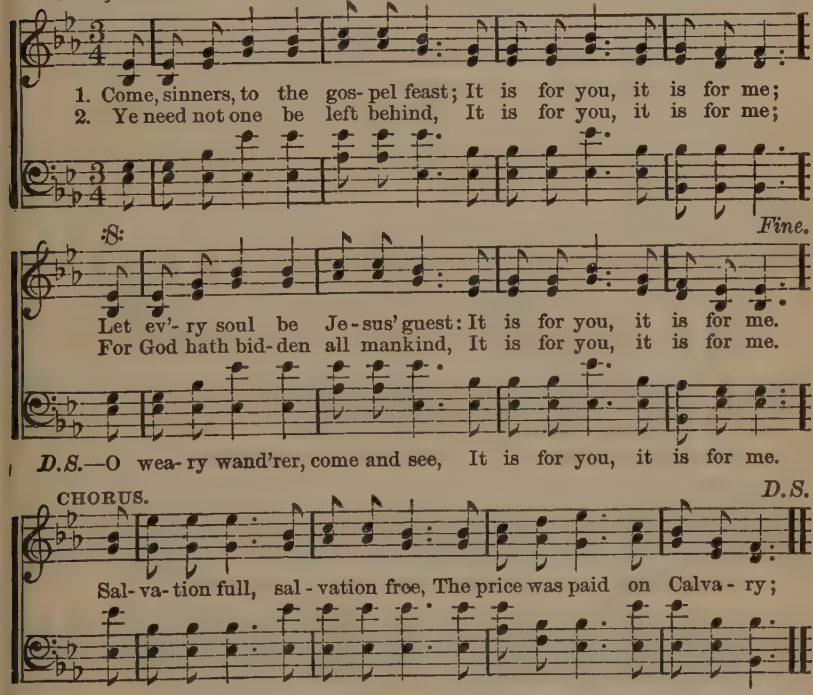


171 The Gospel Feast.

CHARLES WESLEY. Cho. by H. L. G.

"Come, for all things are ready." Luke xiv. 16.

H. L. GILMOUR.



3 Sent by my Lord, on you I call;
The invitation is to all:

4 Come, all the world! come, sinner, thou!
All things in Christ are ready now.

5 Come, all ye souls by sin oppressed,
Ye restless wanderers after rest;

6 Ye poor, and maimed, and halt, and blind
In Christ a hearty welcome find.

7 My message as from God receive;
Ye all may come to Christ and live:

8 O let this love your hearts constrain,
Nor suffer him to die in vain.

9 See him set forth before your eyes,
That precious, bleeding sacrifice:

10 His offered benefits embrace,
And freely now be saved by grace.

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172 We are Singing On the Way.

L. H. Edmunds. Chas. Edw. Pollock.

1. We are sing - ing on the way, To a blessed land of day, Where the
2. What though trials here we meet? Soon we'll walk the golden street, Where we'll
3. We are pressing on the way, Let us work, and watch, and pray, Winning

raptured hal - le - lu- jahs nev- er cease; Soon we'll see its shining towers,
look up - on the beau- ty of our King; Tears of sorrow here may flow,
stars to sparkle in our crowns of light; Let us tell the Saviour's love,

S. *Fine.*

Rest within its lovely bowers, In that Eden-land of ev- er- lasting peace.
But "hereafter we shall know," And redeeming love thro' endless ages sing.
Till he bids us come above, Where no shadow ever mars the radiance bright.

D. S.—glory we shall share, In the house of "many mansions," bright and fair.

CHORUS.

Blessed home! blessed home! In the house of "many

Blessed home! blessed home!

D. S.

mansions," bright and fair; For we'll be like Je- sus there, And his

bright and fair;

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173 H. L. G. **Speak to Me, Jesus.** Dr. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Speak to me, Je - sus, I'm far from thy fold; Far from kind friends, that so
2. Speak to me, Je - sus, in tones that so oft, In sickness and sor- row, so
3. Speak to me, Je - sus, oh, tell of thy power, Mighty to save, when my
4. Speak to me, Je - sus, thy Spir - it im- part, To strengthen, to comfort, and

of - ten have told That sto - ry so sim - ple, so kind and so free, Oh,
ten - der and soft, Did gen - tly admon - ish in Beth - a-ny's home, Oh,
wand'ring's are o'er; I seek now for par - don, in pen - i- tence wait, Oh,
cheer my weak heart; Thy voice I have heard, and thy blood is applied; Oh,

D.S.—get not thy blood, that from sin makes so free; Oh,

Fine. CHORUS.

speak to me, Je - sus, I'll lis - ten to thee. Speak . . . to me,
speak to me, Je - sus, to thee I will come.
speak to me, Je - sus, before 'tis too late.
help me, dear Saviour to live at thy side. Speak to me, speak to me,

speak to me, Je - sus, I will come to thee.
(3d verse.)—I now come to thee.
(4th verse.)—I have come to thee.

Je - sus, speak . . . from a - bove, Tell . . . of thy
speak to me, speak from a - bove Tell of thy hands,

D.S.

hands, . . . of thy side, . . . and thy love; . . . For-
tell of thy side, tell of thy hands, of thy side, and thy love;

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Hear and Answer Prayer.

FANNY J. CROSBY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, To be more and more like thee;
2. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, For a faith so clear and bright
3. I am pray - ing to be hum- bled By the power of grace di- vine,
4. I am pray - ing, bless- ed Sav - iour, And my constant prayer shall be

I am pray - ing that thy Spir - it Like a dove may rest on me.
That its eye will see thy glo - ry Thro' the deep - est, dark - est night.
To be clothed up - on with meekness, And to have no will but thine.
For a per - fect con - se - cra - tion, That shall make me more like thee.

CHORUS.

Thou who know- est all my weak- ness, Thou who knowest all my care,

While I plead each precious promise, Hear, oh, hear and answer prayer.

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175 Fed upon the Finest of the Wheat.

F. A. G. Ps. lxxxi: 16. F. A. Graves.

1. Hun- gry, Lord, for thy word of truth, Sitting at my Saviour's feet;
2. Work for the Mas- ter I will do, Trusting in his strength so great;
3. Then to the har - vest let us go, Bugles sounding no retreat;

Ris - ing, gleaning, just like Ruth, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
Liv - ing in his pastures new, Feed me on the finest of the wheat.
Workers for Je - sus, he wants you Fed up- on the finest of the wheat.

CHORUS.

Bread of life it is now to me, Hon - ey, milk and meat;

In thy love I will ev - er be Fed upon the finest of the wheat.

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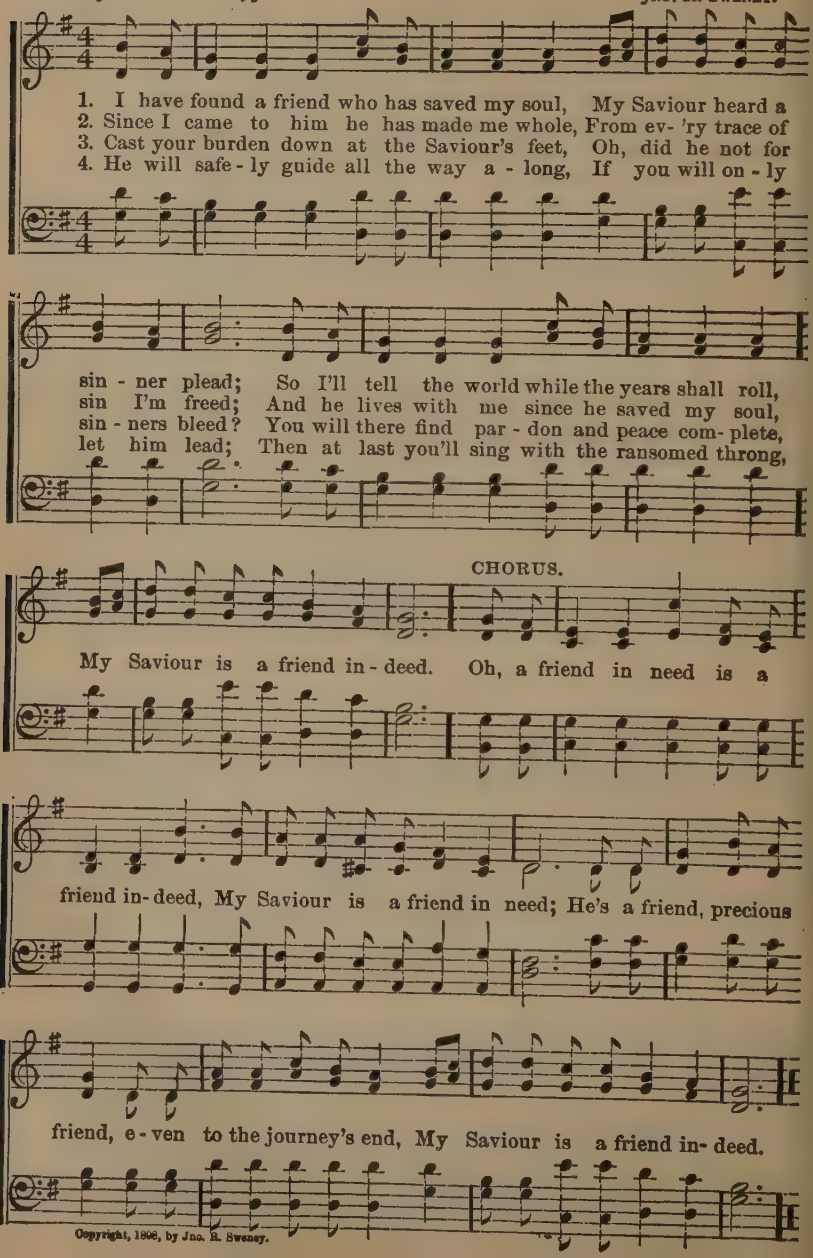
176 My Saviour is a Friend Indeed.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.



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Jesus for Me.

W. J. K. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Je - sus, my Saviour, is all things to me, Oh, what a won- derful
2. Je - sus in sickness, and Je- sus in health, Je - sus in pov- er - ty,
3. He is my Refuge, my Rock, and my Tower, He is my Fortress, my
4. He is my Prophet, my Priest and my King, He is my Bread of Life.
5. Je - sus in sorrow, in joy, or in pain, Je - sus my Treasure in

Sav- iour is he: Guiding, pro - tect - ing, o'er life's rolling sea,
com - fort or wealth, Sunshine or tem - pest, whatev - er it be,
Strength and my power; Life Ev - er - last - ing, my Day'sman is he,
Fountain and Spring; Bright Sun of Righteousness, Day-star is he,
loss or in gain; Constant Com- pan - ion, where'er I may be,

CHORUS.

Might - y De - liv' - rer— Je - sus for me. Je - sus for me,
He is my safe - ty:— Je - sus for me.
Bless - ed Re - deem - er— Je - sus for me.
Horn of Sal - va - tion— Je - sus for me.
Liv - ing or dy - ing— Je - sus for me!

Je - sus for me, All the time, ev - 'rywhere, Je - sus for me.

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Save One.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Out in the breakers are per- ish- ing souls, Save one, save one;
2. Out in the darkness of sin's aw- ful night, Save one, save one;
3. Out on the mountain so sad - ly a - stray, Save one, save one;
4. Loved ones or strangers, whoe'er they may be, Save one, save one;

Out where the current of sin mad- ly rolls, Save one, save one.
Tell them of Je - sus. and lead to the light, Save one, save one.
From the sweet home land so far, far a - way, Save one, save one.
Go in his Spir - it who saves you and me, Save one, save one.

CHORUS.

Pit - y the per- ish- ing, La- bor and pray; Hasten to res- cue them,

Save one to-day, Then in your heart will be heaven begun, Save one, save one.

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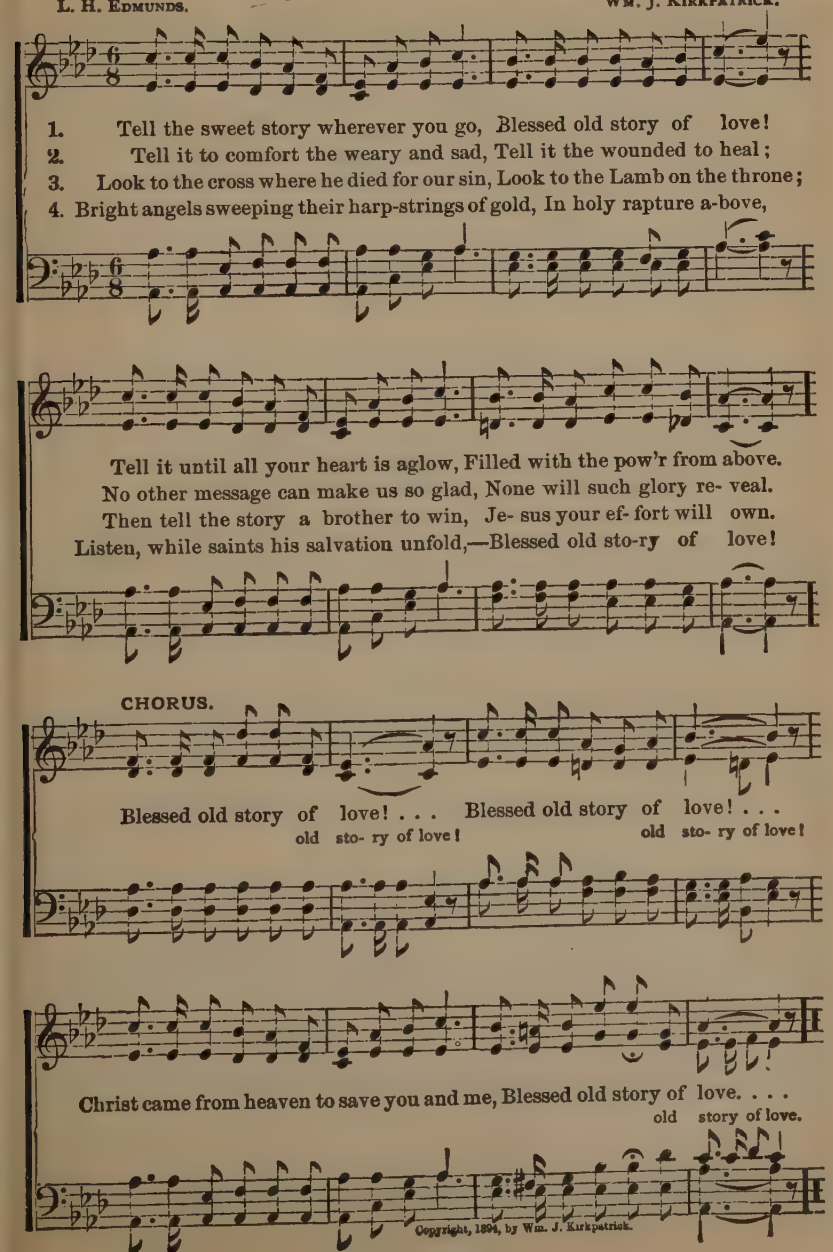
Blessed Old Story of Love.

L. H. Edmunds. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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It is I.

Mrs. S. L. Oberholtzer. Adam Geibel.

1. Still he walks up- on the wave, Je - sus, he a - lone can save;
2. High the waves may break and beat, They are hushed at Je - sus feet,
3. Troubled are we, and weeping sore; Hear we the ten- der voice once more

Still he would to faith persuade: "It is I, be not afraid!" We are
And a pathway smoothe is made: "It is I, be not afraid!" Clouds of
That would from ev'ry sin dissuade: "It is I, be not afraid!" Je - sus

troubled, tempest tossed, Without anchor, almost lost; Je- sus comes with
gray and clouds of black Threaten to obscure the track, Swift they lift, dis-
walks, he walks for me On the sur- face of the sea; Walks, and calls, in

cheer to aid: "It is I, be not a- fraid! It is I, be not afraid!"
solve and fade: "It is I, be not a- fraid! It is I, be not afraid!"
light arrayed, "It is I, be not a- fraid! It is I, be not afraid!"

CHORUS.

Still he walks up- on the wave, Je- sus, he . . . a- lone can
Still he walks, he walks up - on the wave, Je- sus, he a - lone, a -

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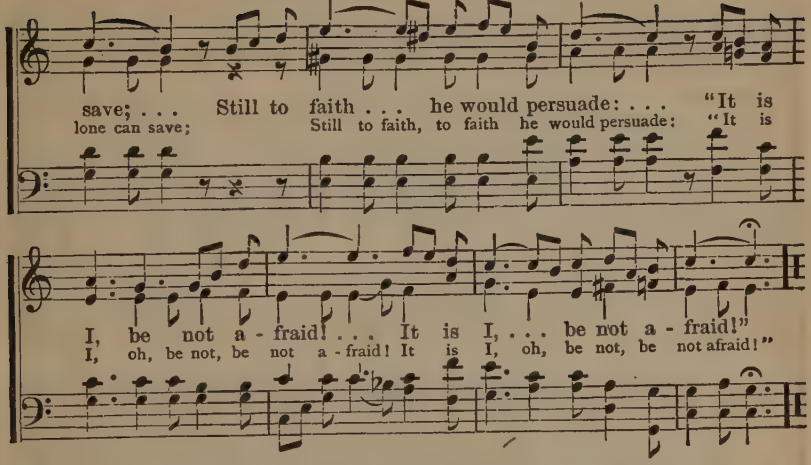
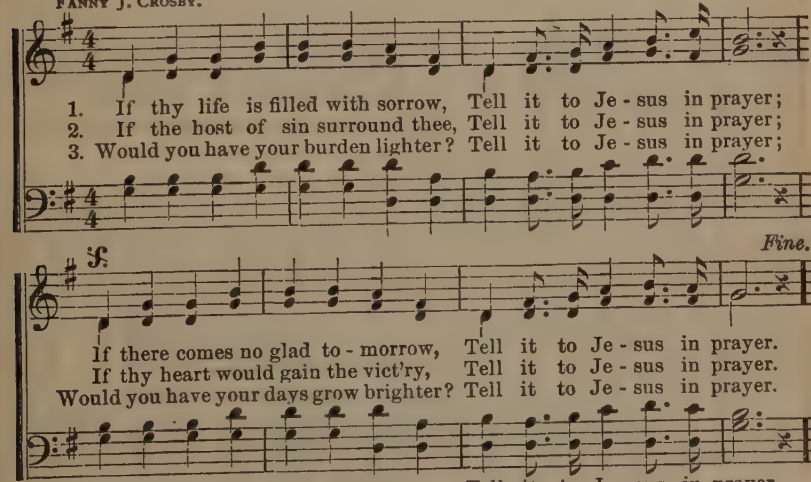


181 Tell It to Jesus in Prayer.

"Let us therefore come boldly to the throne of grace."—Heb. iv: 16.

FANNY J. CROSBY. FRANK M. DAVIS.



From "Notes of Praise," by per. of John J. Hood.

We Have an Anchor.

PRISCILLA J. OWENS. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. Will your anchor hold in the storms of life, When the clouds unfold their
2. It is safely moored, 'twill the storm withstand, For 'tis well secured by the
3. It will firmly hold in the straits of fear, When the breakers have told the
4. It will surely hold in the floods of death, When the waters cold chill our
5. When our eyes behold thro' the gath'ring night The city of gold, our

wings of strife? When the strong tides lift, and the cables strain, Will your
Saviour's hand; And the cables, passed from his heart to mine, Can de-
reef is near, Tho' the tempest rave and the wild winds blow, Not an
lat - est breath, On the ris - ing tide it can nev - er fail, While our
har- bor bright, We shall anchor fast by the heav'nly shore, with the

CHORUS.

anchor drift, or firm remain? We have an anchor that keeps the soul
fy the blast, thro' strength divine.
angry wave shall our bark o'erflow.
hopes a - bide with - in the veil.
storms all past for - ev - ermore.

steadfast and sure while the billows roll, Fastened to the Rock which

can - not move, Grounded firm and deep In the Saviour's love.

W. J. Kirkpatrick.

183

Glory, He Saves!

F. A. B. F. A. Blackmer.

1. Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves e - ven me! All my guilt
2. Wand'ring he found me a - far from the fold, Per - ish - ing
3. Safe - ly and sweet - ly he keeps me each day, Gent - ly, so
4. Bless - ed com - pan - ion- ship! cheer- ing 'me so! Sweet - er and

nail - ing to Cal - va- ry's tree; Paid is the debt and my
there in the dark - ness and cold; Half of his good - ness can
gent - ly he leads all the way; An- swers of peace sends he
sweet - er each day shall it grow, Till to be like him I

soul is set free, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
nev - er be told, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
down when I pray, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!
joy - ful - ly go, Glo - ry to Je - sus, he saves!

CHORUS.

Glo- ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Saves a poor sinner like me;

Glo - ry, he saves! wondrously saves! Glory to Je - sus, he saves!

Copyright, 1890, in "Singing by the Way."

He'll Mention Them no More.

"They shall not be mentioned unto him."—Ezek. xvii: 22.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. My soul sings glory all the way, For Je - sus took my sins a - way;
2. Oh, wondrous grace, so rich and free, That mentions not my sins to me,
3. But since he shows such grace to me, Let not his love for- got- ten be;
4. My soul sings glory all the way To yon- der land of cloudless day,

With pre - cious blood they're covered o'er, He'll mention them no more.
Since Je - sus in re- deem- ing love, Brought mercy from a - bove.
Oh, let my life its trib - ute bring, My heart ex - ultant sing.
And when I reach that hap - py shore, I'll praise him ev - er - more.

CHORUS.

My sins . . . . . are all taken a - way, ...
My sins are all tak- en a - way, My sins are all tak - en a- way,

My sins . . . . . are all taken a - way; . . . . . .
My sins are all tak- en a - way, My sins are all tak- en a - way;

Oh, glo - ry to his name! Oh, glo - ry to his name! My

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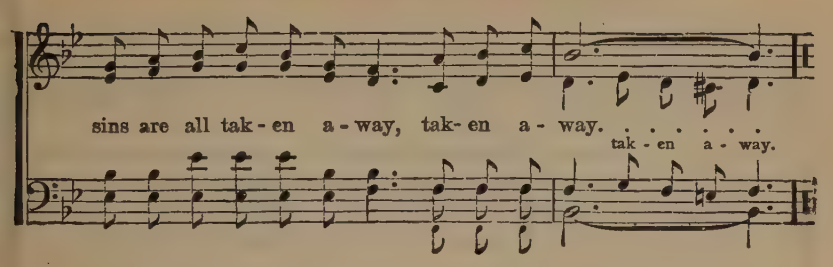
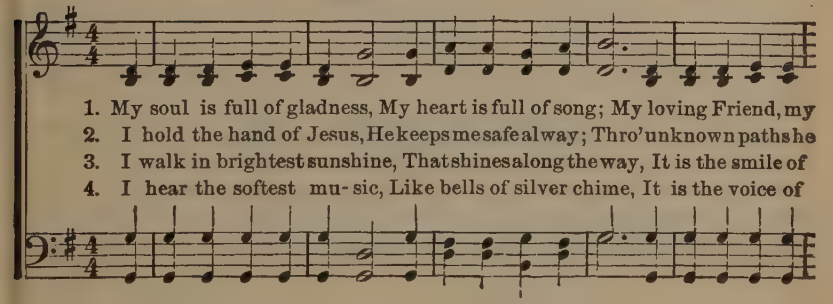
He'll Mention Them, etc.—CONCLUDED.

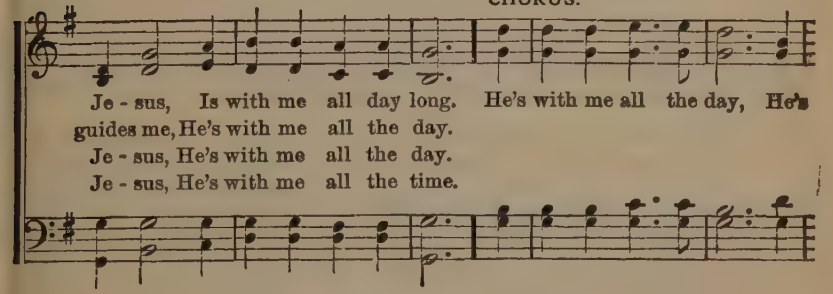


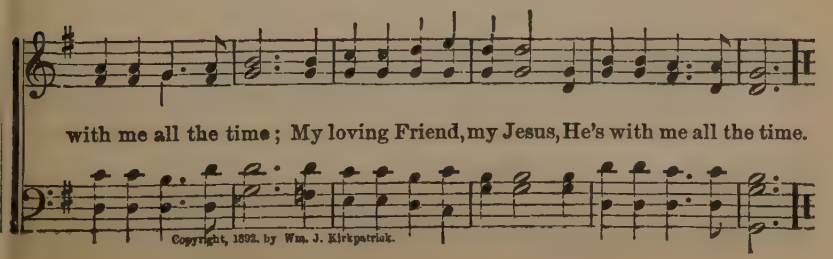
185 He's with Me all the Time.

M. D. K. M. D. KIRKPATRICK.



CHORUS.





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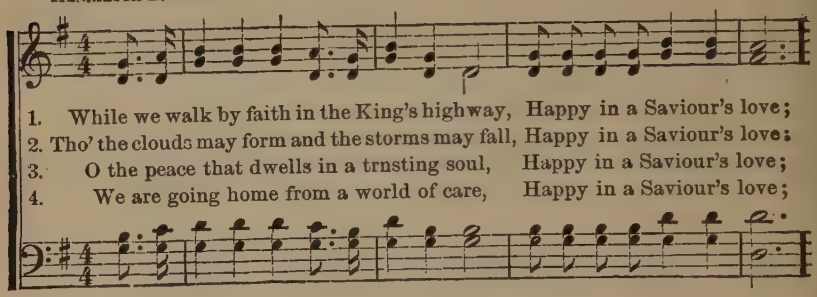
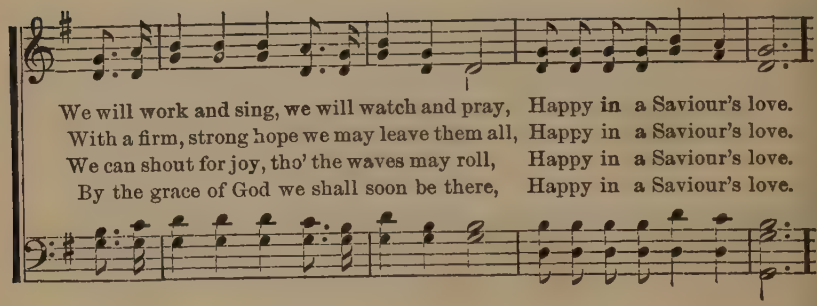
Happy in a Saviour's Love.

Henrietta E. Blair. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

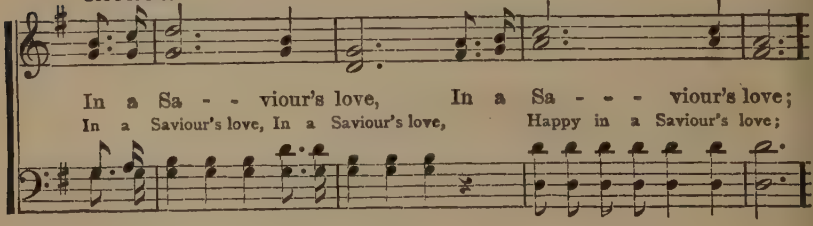


1. While we walk by faith in the King's highway, Happy in a Saviour's love;
2. Tho' the clouds may form and the storms may fall, Happy in a Saviour's love:
3. O the peace that dwells in a trusting soul, Happy in a Saviour's love;
4. We are going home from a world of care, Happy in a Saviour's love;

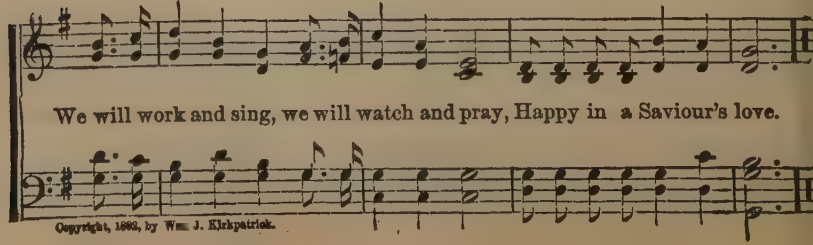


We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.
With a firm, strong hope we may leave them all, Happy in a Saviour's love.
We can shout for joy, tho' the waves may roll, Happy in a Saviour's love.
By the grace of God we shall soon be there, Happy in a Saviour's love.

CHORUS.



In a Sa - - viour's love, In a Sa - - - viour's love;
In a Saviour's love, In a Saviour's love, Happy in a Saviour's love;



We will work and sing, we will watch and pray, Happy in a Saviour's love.

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Send out the Sunlight.

ELLEN DARE. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Send out the sunlight, the sunlight of cheer, Shine on earth's sadness till it disap-
2. Send out the sunlight in letter and word; Speak it and think it till hearts are all
3. Send out the sunlight each hour and day, Crown all the years with its luminous
4. Send out the sunlight that speaks in a smile, Often it shortens the long, weary

pear—Souls are in waiting this message to hear, Send out the sunlight of love.
stirred—Hearts that are hungry for prayers still unheard,
Send out the sunlight of love.
ray, Nourish the seeds that are sown on the way, Send out the sunlight of love.
mile, Often the burdens seem light for awhile, Send out the sunlight of love.

CHORUS.

Send out the sunlight of love, ... Send out the sunlight of love, ...
the sunlight of love, the sunlight of love,

Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight, Send out the sunlight of love.
the sunlight of love.

Copyright, 1892, by Jno. R. Sweney.

5 Send out the sunlight, as free as the air!
Blessings will follow with none to compare,
Blessings of peace, that will rise from despair!
Send out the sunlight of love.

6 Send out the sunlight, you have it in your
Clouds may obscure it just now from your view;
Pray for its presence! your prayer will come true,
Send out the sunlight of love.

He is Just the Same To-day.

Mrs. S. Z. Kaufman. Heb. xiii: 8. I. N. McHose. By per.

1. Have you ev - er heard the sto - ry of the Babe of Beth- lehem,
2. Have you ev - er heard how Je- sus walked upon the roll - ing sea,
3. Once while resting on a pil- low in the ves - sel fast asleep,
4. Sure - ly you have heard how Jesus prayed down in Gethsem - a - ne,

Who was worshipped by the an - gels, and by wise and ho - ly men,
To his dear dis - ci - ples, toss- ing on the waves of Gal - i - lee,
There a - rose a might- y tem- pest on the wild and rag - ing deep;
How he shed his precious life-blood on the rug -ged, shameful tree,

How he taught the learn- ed doc - tors in the tem - ple far a - way?
How he res - cued sink- ing Pe - ter from his dan- ger and dismay?
"Peace, be still," the Lord commanded, ev - 'ry an - gry wave did stay;
Cru - el thorns his fore- head piercing as his spir - it passed a- way;

I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to- day.
I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to- day.
I am glad to tell you, sin - ner, he is just the same to- day.
Sin - ner, won't you come and love him? he is just the same to- day.

Copyright, by I. N. McHose.

CHORUS.

He's just the same to-day, Yes, just the same to-day, I'm glad to tell you, sin-ner, He is just the same to-day.

189

The Golden Key.

"Prayer is the key to unlock the door, and the bolt to shut in the night."

JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. Prayer is the key For the bending knee To open the morn's first hours;
2. Not a soul so sad, Nor a heart so glad, When cometh the shades of night,
3. Take the golden key In your hand and see, As the night tide drifts away,

See the incense rise To the starry skies, Like perfume from the flow'rs.
But the daybreak song Will the joy prolong, And some darkness turn to light.
How its blessed hold Is a crown of gold, Thro' the weary hours of day.

Copyright, 1875, by John J. Hood.

4 When the shadows fall,
And the vesper call
Is sobbing its low refrain,
'Tis a garland sweet
To the toil-dent feet,
And an antidote for pain.

5 Soon the year's dark door
Shall be shut no more:
Life's tears shall be wiped away,
As the pearl gates swing,
And the gold harps ring,
And the sun unsheathes for aye.

190 He Fills it All.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. The Saviour lives within my heart, He fills it all; No room for self in
2. My soul with love is now aflame, He fills it all; Her sweetest music
3. Each day I in his service spend, He fills it all; My time is his un-
4. I'll live for him while time is giv'n, He fills it all; And when I think of

CHORUS.

an - y part, He fills it all. Jesus fills it all, Yes, Je- sus
is his name, He fills it all.
til the end, He fills it all.
yonder heav'n, He fills it all.

he fills it all,

fills it all; My life is swallow'd up in him,—He fills it all.
he fills it all;

Copyright, 1898, by John J. Hood.

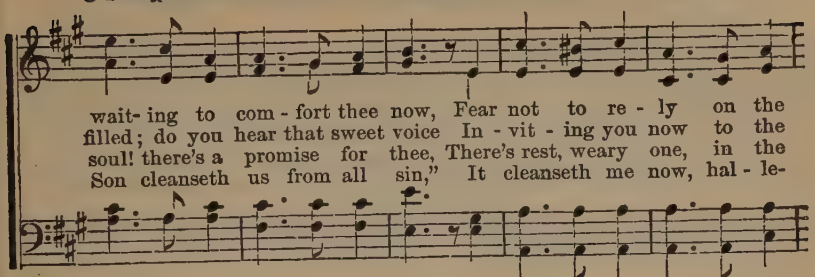
191 Step Out on the Promise.

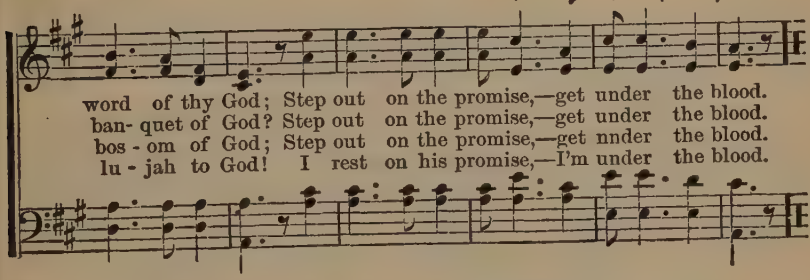
Maggie Potter. Arr. by E. F. M. E. F. Miller.

1. O mourner in Zi - on, how blessed art thou, For Je - sus is
2. O ye that are hun- gry and thirsty, re - joice! For ye shall be
3. Who sighs for a heart from in - i - qui- ty free? O poor, troubled
4. Step out on the promise, and Christ you shall win, "The blood of his

From "The Shout of Victory," by per.

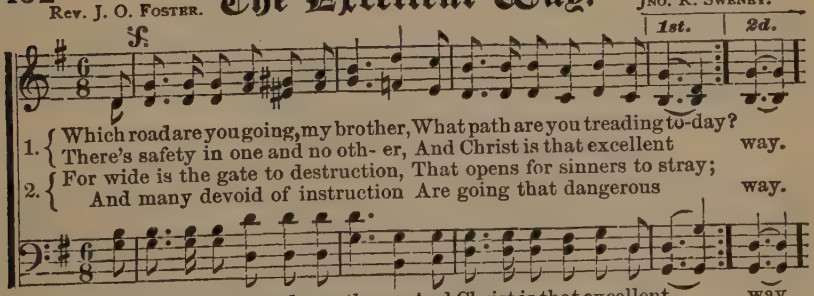
Step Out on the Promise.—CONCLUDED.

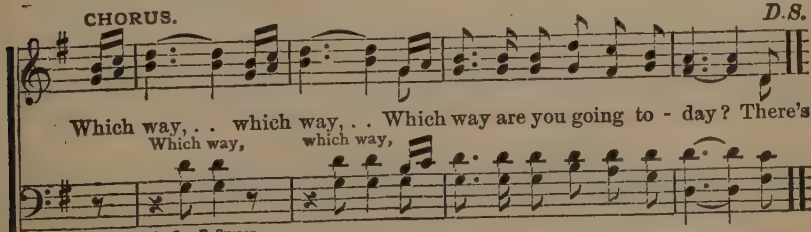




192 The Excellent Way.

Rev. J. O. Foster. Jno. R. Sweney.





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3 The tones of the gospel are tender,
The love of the Master is strong;
Return to your God and surrender,
He's calling and waiting so long.

4 The promise is blessed and holy,
To all who will gladly obey;
And walk with the meek and the lowly
Along in the excellent way.

193 O for a Heart Whiter than Snow.

E. E. Hewitt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Kept, ever kept, 'neath the life-giving flow; Cleansed from all passion, self-seeking, and pride,
2. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Calm in the peace that he loves to bestow; Daily refreshed by the heavenly dews,
3. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! With the pure flame of the Spirit a-glow; Filled with the love that is true and sincere,
4. O for a heart that is whiter than snow! Then in his grace and his knowledge to grow; Growing like him who my pattern shall be,

CHORUS.

Washed in the fountain of Calvary's tide. O for a heart whiter than snow! Saviour divine, to whom else can I go?
Ready for service whene'er he shall choose.
Love that is able to banish all fear.
Till in his beauty my King I shall see.

Thou who didst die, loving me so, Give me a heart that is whiter than snow

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194 Since I Found My Saviour.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Life wears a different face to me, Since I found my Saviour;
2. He sought me in his wondrous love, So I found my Saviour,
3. The pass- ing clouds may in - tervene, Since I found my Saviour,
4. A strong hand kindly holds my own, Since I found my Saviour,

Rich mercy at the cross I see, My dy - ing, liv - ing Saviour.
He brought salva - tion from a - bove, My dear, almight - y Saviour.
But he is with me, though unseen, My ev - er-pres - ent Saviour.
It leads me onward to the throne, Oh, there I'll see my Saviour!

CHORUS.

Golden sunbeams 'round me play, Je - sus turns my night to day,

Heav - en seems not far a - way, Since I found my Saviour.

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In that City.

C. J. B. CHAS. J. BUTLER.

1. O'er death's sea, in yon blest city, There's a home for ev-'ry one;
2. Here we've no a-bid-ing city, Mansions here will soon de-cay;
3. I have loved ones in that city, Those who left me years a-go;
4. T'ward that pure and ho-ly city Oft my long-ing eyes I cast;

Purchas'd with a price most costly, 'Twas the blood of God's dear Son.
But that cit-y God's built firmly, It can nev-er pass a-way.
They with joy are wait-ing for me, Where no farewell tears e'er flow.
Je-sus whispers sweet-ly to me, Heav'n is yours when earth is past.

CHORUS.

In that cit-y—bright cit-y, Soon with loved ones I shall be;

And with Jesus live for-ev-er, In that cit-y beyond death's sea.

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196 I'll Not Be a Stranger Up There.

L. E. J. L. E. Jones.

1. There's a beau- ti- ful homeland by Je - sus prepared, A cit - y all golden and fair; And when to its portals my spirit ascends, I shall
2. To that bright sunny land man-y loved ones have gone, The rich - es of glo- ry to share; They are waiting for me at the portals of light, I shall
3. On that bright golden shore many friends gone before, In garments all spotless and fair, With Je- sus a - wait, just inside the gate, So I'll

CHORUS.

not be a stranger up there. No shadows of night ever fall on that shore, No burden of sor- row and care; Yet sweeter than this the as- sur- ance to me, I shall not be a stranger up there.

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When the Bridegroom Comes.

E. R. Latta. Alt. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. Will our lamps be filled and ready, When the Bridegroom comes? And our
2. Shall we hear a welcome sounding, When the Bridegroom comes? And a
3. Don't de- lay our prepar - ation Till the Bridegroom comes; Lest there
4. It may be a time of sorrow, When the Bridegroom comes; If our
5. Oh, there'll be a glorious meeting, When the Bridegroom comes; And a

lights be clear and steady, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
shout of joy resounding, When the Bridegroom comes? In the night, that solemn
be a separation, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
oil we hope to borrow, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that solemn
hallelujah greeting, When the Bridegroom comes. In the night, that joyful

night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, that solemn night, Will our lamps be burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes?
night, that joyful night, With our lamps all burning bright, When the Bridegroom comes.

CHORUS. *May repeat pp.*

O be ready! O be ready! O be ready when the Bridegroom comes!

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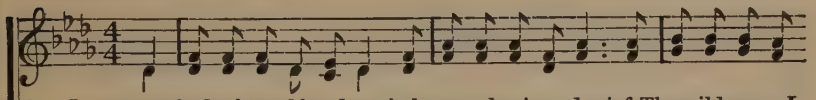
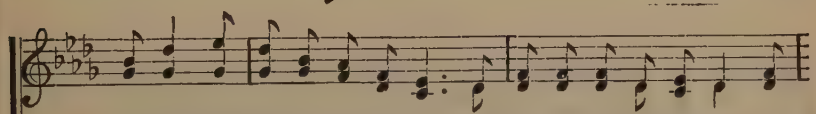
Shout the Victory.

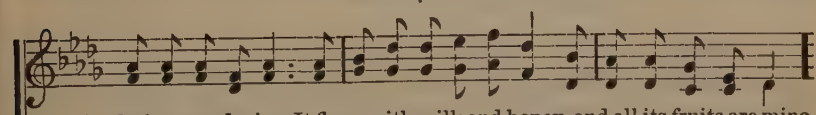
Rev. D. H. Kenney. Jno. R. Sweney.



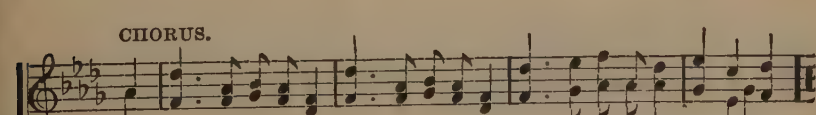
1. Long years in doubt and bondage, in hope and pain and grief, The wilderness I
2. I have no condemnation, the carnal mind is gone, Ill-tempers and im-
3. The "New Man" has possession, he saves from all my fears, In loving conde-
4. My life is full of gladness, my soul is full of song, I have no times of
5. And when on Zion's mountain the white-robed saints shall meet, Hard by the crystal



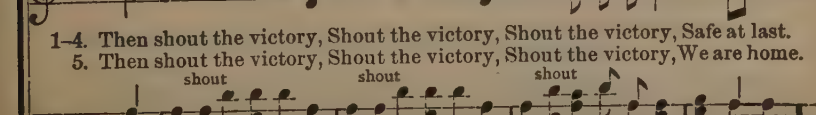
traveled in search of sure relief; Thank God, I've reached the Canaan, the
patience have taken wings and flown; I'm walking in the Spir- it of
cension he wipes a- way my tears; His will is mine completely, his
sadness, but Je- sus all day long; The highway shines more glorious as
fountain the loved ones all we'll greet; Then at roll-call up yonder we'll



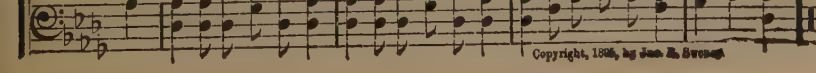
land of corn and wine, It flows with milk and honey, and all its fruits are mine.
Jesus Christ my Lord, I'm trusting in his merit, I'm resting on his word.
throne is in my heart; His arms are underneath me, he'll quench each fiery dart.
on its way I run; And heaven grows more precious as nearer home I come.
gather round the throne, And gaze in holy wonder that we at last are home.



CHORUS.



1–4. Then shout the victory, Shout the victory, Shout the victory, Safe at last.
5. Then shout the victory, Shout the victory, Shout the victory, We are home.



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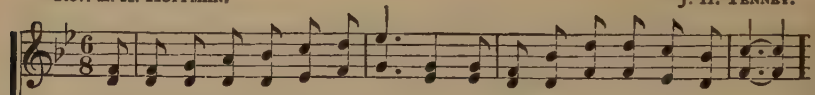
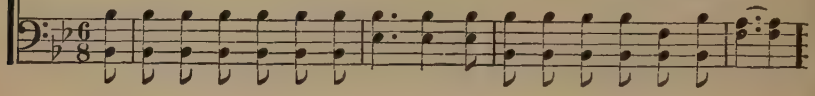
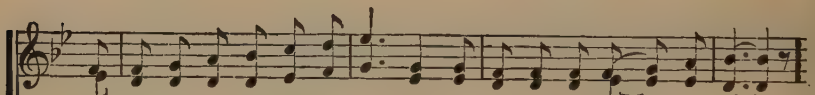
199 The Windows of Heaven are Open.

Rev. E. A. Hoffman. J. H. Tenney.

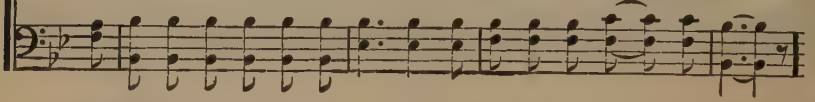


1. The windows of heaven are o - pen, And droppings of mercy and grace
2. The windows of heaven are o - pen, And God, from the fountain above,
3. The windows of heaven are o - pen, Our hearts, Lord, are opening too,



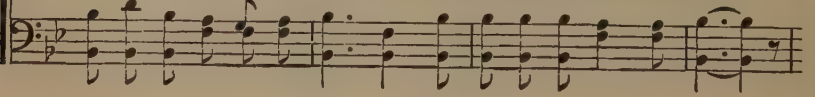


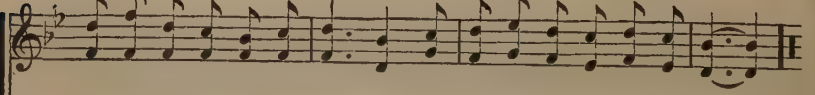
Are falling like quickening show- ers, And filling with glo- ry the place.
Is pouring forth streams of salvation, And filling our hearts with his love.
And baptisms of wonderful pow - er Are thrilling us through and through.



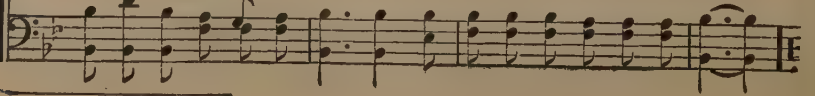
CHORUS.

Open your heart to re- ceive them,—The blessings you so much need;





Open your heart to receive them, And you shall be quickened indeed.



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200 Have a Little Talk with Jesus.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When dark and dreary is my road, When faint and weary with my load; 'Tis
2. I tell him all a- bout my care, He helps me ev'ry burden bear; I
3. How dark and drear this world would be, Had we no guide across life's sea; In
4. Where could we look for guiding light, Did we not have this day-star bright? This

S. *Fine.*

then I seek his blest a- bode, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
al- ways find a blessing there, When I have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
time of storm no place to flee, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.
world would be a cheerless night, Without a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.

D. S.—faith we meet him face to face, And have a lit- tle talk with Je - sus.

CHORUS. *D.S.*

O praise him for his wondrous grace, In ev- 'ry tri- al, in ev'ry place; By

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5 In times of peace, in times of strife,
Let joy prevail, or fears be rife;
I'll always seek this friend thro' life,
And have a little talk with Jesus.

6 And after life with me is o'er,
I'll enter in thro' mercy's door,
And with the millions gone before,
I'll ever live and talk with Jesus.

The Lord's my Shepherd. *Tune, DOWNS.*

1 The Lord's my Shepherd, I'll not want:
He makes me down to lie
In pastures green; he leadeth me
The quiet waters by.

2 My soul he doth restore again,
And me to walk doth make
Within the paths of righteousness,
E'en for his own name's sake.

3 Yea, though I walk through death's [dark vale,
Yet will I fear no ill,
For thou art with me, and thy rod
And staff me comfort still.

4 A table thou hast furnished me
In presence of my foes;
My head thou dost with oil anoint,
And my cup overflows.

5 Goodness and mercy all my life
Shall surely follow me,
And in God's house forevermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Jesus is All that You Need.

Mrs. Frank A. Breck. Frank M. Davis.

1. Come to the Saviour, believe in his name, Jesus is all that you need;
2. Jesus has triumph'd o'er sin and the grave, Jesus is all that you need;
3. Give your life o- ver to Je- sus' control, Jesus is all that you need;

Je- sus is now and for- ev- er the same, Je- sus is all that you need.
He is a- bundant- ly a - ble to save, Je- sus is all that you need.
Je- sus will meet ev'ry want of the soul, Je- sus is all that you need.

Claim his sure promise, oh, fully believe, Ask for his blessing and you shall receive,
Jesus will pardon if you will confess, Jesus will comfort in time of distress,
Jesus is calling, oh, turn not away, Make him forever your life and your stay.

f. *Fine.*

Je- sus will help you the past to retrieve, Je- sus is all that you need.
He will be with you for- ev- er to bless, Je- sus is all that you need.
Will you belong to him wholly to- day? Je- sus is all that you need.

D. S.—why turn away from the Saviour to-day, When Jesus is all that you need?

CHORUS. *D.S.*

Je- sus is all that you need, . . . All that you ever can need; . . . Oh,
you need, can need;

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O Glory to His Name!

M. E. J. M. Edwin Johnson.

1. I am so hap- py on the way, My night of sin is turned to day,
2. He came to earth, and rescued me By dy- ing on sad Cal- va- ry,
3. The fountain deep by faith I see, The blood of Christ is all my plea;
4. He is my refuge, my high tower, I'll hide in him each day and hour,

CHORUS.

And Jesus hears me when I pray, O glory to his name! Glory, glory,
When I believed he set me free, O glory to his name!
I'll praise him, for it cleanseth me, O glory to his name!
I'll trust in his almighty power, O glory to his name!

Glo- ry to his name! I'm travelling to that
His blood has cleansed and made me whole,

blessed goal, And now there's sunshine in my soul, O glory to his name!

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He is Mine, I am His.

Grace Elizabeth Cobb. Chas. H. Gabriel.

1. Blessed Lil - y of the Val - ley, oh, how fair is he! He is
2. Let me sing of all his mercies, of his kindness true, He is
3. Tho' he lead me thro' the val- ley of the shade of death, He is

f.

mine, I am his; Sweeter than the angel's music is his
mine, I am his; Fresh at morn, and in the evening, comes a
mine, I am his; Should I fear, when oh, so tender- ly he

D. S.—Sweeter than the angel's music is his

Fine.

voice to me, He is mine, I am his. Where the lilies fair are
bless- ing new, He is mine, I am his! With the deep'ning shadows
whis- per - eth, He is mine, I am his! For the sunshine of his

voice to me, He is mine, I am his.

blooming by the waters calm, There he leads me, and upholds me by his
comes a whisper, "safe-ly rest! Sleep in peace, for I am near thee, naught shall
presence doth illume the night, And he leads me thro' the valley to the

strong right arm; All the air is love around me, I can feel no harm,
thee mo - lest; I will linger till the morning, keeper, friend and guest,"
mountain height; Out of bondage in - to freedom, in - to cloudless light,

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He is Mine, I am His.—CONCLUDED.

CHORUS.

He is mine, I am his. Lil - y of the valley,
He is mine, Blessed Lil - y of the val- ley,

D.S.

He is mine! Lil - y of the val-ley, I am his!
Hal-le - lu- jah, he is mine! Blessed Lil - y of the val - ley,

204 He Came to Rescue Me.

JOHNSON OATMAN, JR. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When Christ was born, the hosts on high Were filled with mystery; But I can
2. In paths of sin my feet did roam, No day-star could I see; But when so
3. The storm was gath'ring dark and wild, I had no place to flee; 'Twas then to
4. When I have reached that port of love, Safe for eter- ni - ty; I'll tell the

CHORUS.

tell the reason why, He came to rescue me. He came to rescue me, He
far away from home, He came to rescue me.
save his wand'ring child, He came to rescue me.
shining hosts above, He came to rescue me.

came to rescue me; When Jesus left his home on high, He came to rescue me.
He came

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205 I Have the Glory in My Soul.

Rev. Geo. A. McLaughlin. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.

1. O bless-ed tide that cleanses sin, Thy mighty billows o'er me roll;
2. My aching heart has known thy skill, From ev'ry wound I'm now made whole;
3. Freedom from sins and doubts and fears—I long have sought to reach this goal;
4. The world and all its trifling joys No more my spir - it shall console;

I feel the power and joy with-in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
With perfect love, I dread no ill, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy blessed love has dried my tears, I have the glo - ry in my soul.
Thy comfort comes to me; tho' weak, I have the glo - ry in my soul.

CHORUS.

I have the glo - ry in my soul, I have the glo - ry, have the glo - ry in my soul,

have the glo - ry in my soul, I feel the power and joy with-in, I have the glo - ry in my soul.

I have the glo - ry, have the glo - ry in my soul,

poco ritard.

have the glo - ry in my soul.

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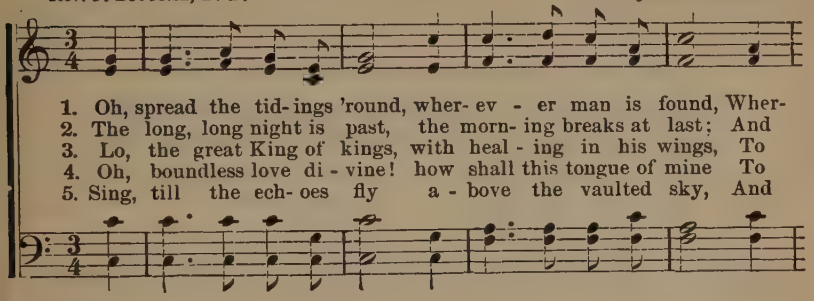
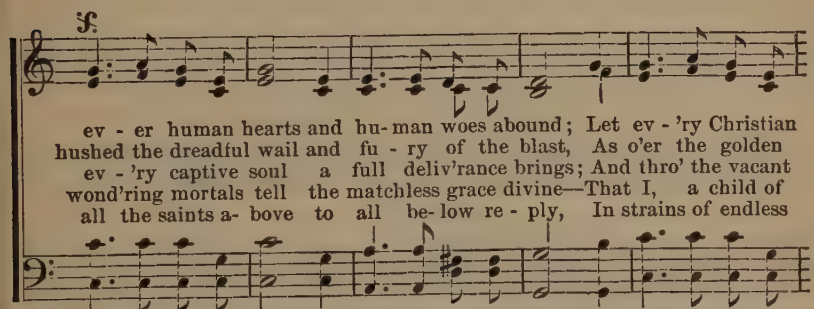
The Comforter has Come.

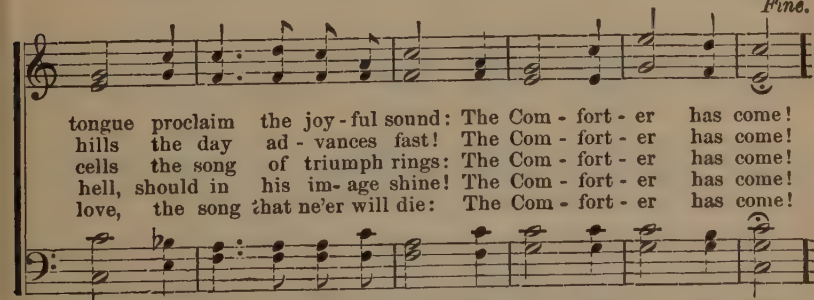
"I will pray the Father, and he shall give you another Comforter, that he may abide with you for ever."—John xiv : 16.

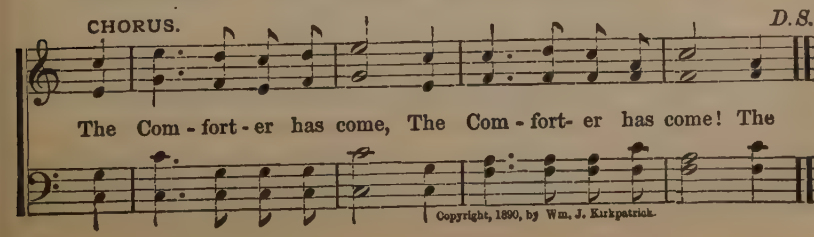
Rev. F. Bottome, D. D. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.





D. S.—Holy Ghost from heav'n, The Father's promise giv'n; Oh, spread the tidings





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What Hinders?

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. O soul, far a - way on the mountains so cold, The Saviour en - treats you to come to his fold; Your soul needs a ref - uge, then why will you roam? What hinders your starting for heav- en and home?
2. Come, learn of the Saviour and cease to do wrong, The world with its fol - ly has lured you too long; Re - solve to stop sin - ning and learn to do right, What hinders your spir - it from yielding to-night?
3. Give up all for Jesus, he wants your whole heart, He will not ac - cept if you give him but part; Lay all on the al - tar and then make your vow, What hinders your coming, yes, coming just now?
4. The friends that in glo- ry you promised to meet, When Jordan's cold tor- rent was bath- ing their feet, Now watch for your com- ing from heav - en so bright, What hinders your keeping that promise to-night?

CHORUS.

What hinders your making for heav- en a start? What hinders your giv - ing the Saviour your heart? What hinders your turning from

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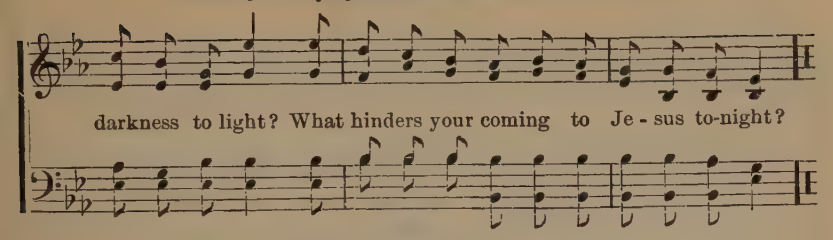
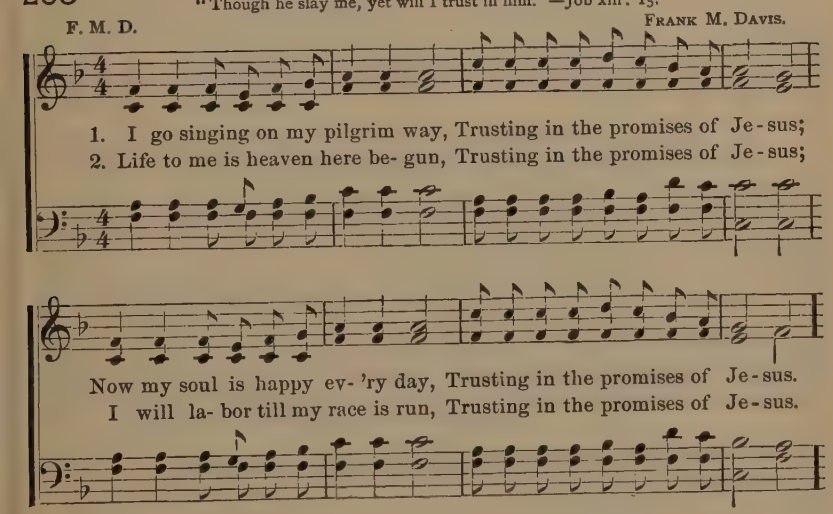
What Hinders?—CONCLUDED.



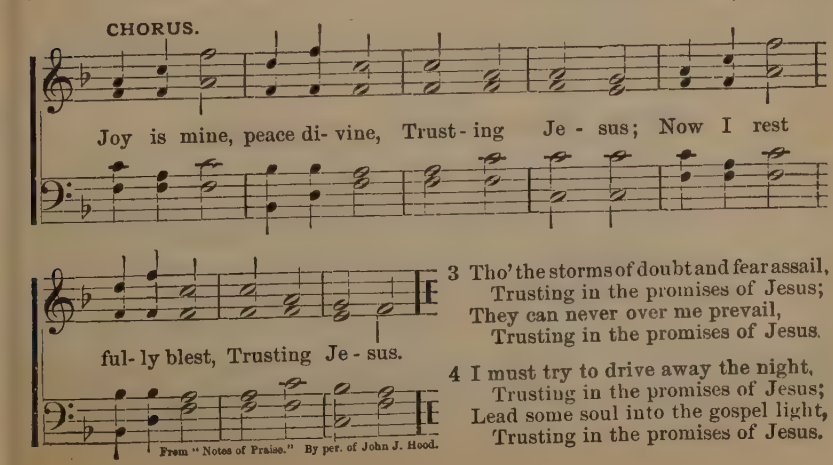
208 Trusting In the Promises.

"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."—Job xiii: 15.

F. M. D. FRANK M. DAVIS.



CHORUS.



3 Tho' the storms of doubt and fear assail,
Trusting in the promises of Jesus;
They can never over me prevail,
Trusting in the promises of Jesus.

4 I must try to drive away the night,
Trusting in the promises of Jesus;
Lead some soul into the gospel light,
Trusting in the promises of Jesus.

From "Notes of Praise." By per. of John J. Hood.

209

Taste and See.

Psalm xxxiv: 8.

E. E. Hewitt. H. L. Gilmour.

1. Hear the bless- ed in - vi - ta - tion Of the mighty King of kings!
2. He is wait- ing to be gra- cious, Try his word and find it true;
3. Peace beyond all mor - tal measure, Light that nev- er will grow dim;
4. Taste, but nev - er stop at tasting, Fill your hungry heart with love;

Of - fer of a full sal- va - tion, Ev - 'ry word with blessing rings.
Oth - ers say that he is precious, Don't you want to know it too?
Mer- cy's ev - er - last- ing treasure, Come and find them all in him.
You will nev - er tire of feasting In the ban- quet spread a- bove.

CHORUS.

1 2

{ Taste and see that the Lord is good, Taste and see, O taste and see;
Feast your soul on the heav'nly food, ... Taste, O taste and see.

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210

Open Your Heart to Jesus.

A. A. A. A. A. Armen.

1. O- pen your heart to Je - sus, He's calling, "Come home to-day;"
2. O- pen your heart to Je - sus, Oh, o - pen it *now* and wide;
3. O- pen your heart to Je - sus, From wells of sal- va - tion drink;
4. O- pen your heart to Je - sus, He's waiting with o - pen hand;

Open Your Heart, etc.—CONCLUDED.

You will but wan - der far - ther The long-er you stay a - way.
Je - sus is ev - er read - y To en-ter and there a - bide.
Mer-cy's to you ex - tend - ed, Tho' standing on ru - in's brink.
Fly for your life to Je - sus, The "Rock in a wea - ry land."

CHORUS.

O - pen your heart to Je - sus; Oh, give him a wel-come there;

O - pen your heart to Je - sus, And rich-est of treasures share.

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211 Gloria Patri.

C. NORRIS.

Glory be to the Father, and to the Son, And to the Ho - ly Ghost;

As it was in the beginning,
is now, and ev - er shall be, World without end. A - men.

Come to the Feast.

F. M. D. "Come, for all things are now ready."—Luke xiv : 17. FRANK M. DAVIS.

1. Will you come to the feast that the King has spread? Will you come? will you
2. At the feast you will find balm for ev'ry woe; Will you come? will you
3. There's a seat that is vacant for you to- day; Will you come? will you

Will you come?

come? Will you come and partake of the Living Bread? Will you
come? There the joy and peace found in Christ you'll know; Will you
come? When the King bids you welcome, why still delay? Will you

will you come?

CHORUS.

come? will you come? Will you come? will you come?
Will you come? will you come? Will you come? will you come?

Will you come? he invites you to - day; There is room for

Will you come?

all in the banquet hall; Will you, hungry and poor, stay a - way?

From "Brightest Glory." By per. of John J. Hood.

The Great White Throne.

E. G C

ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. I love the blessed Jesus, My Saviour and my friend; Help me to sing his [and
2 I love the blessed Jesus, For me he bled and died; And in his precious
3. Oh, let me live for Jesus, And bear his cross below; And if the Saviour
4. Then let me die in Jesus, His presence I shall have While crossing over

praises, Till earthly life shall end; And then in garments pure and white, With crowns
merit I'll evermore confide. I'll worship him who rose again, Triumphant
calls me To suffer pain and woe I want to be like Jesus still, And always
Jordan, To calm the troubled wave; And when, triumphant over death, I gain the

harps of gold, We'll meet this friend on the plains of light, His glory to behold.
o'er the grave, And when we meet as a ransom'd throng, We'll sing his pow'r to save.
watch and pray, That I may rest in the happy home, In realms of endless day.
blissful shore, I'll reign with him in the world above, When time shall be no more.

CHORUS.

When we gather round the great white throne,
When we gather round the great white throne;

We will sing his praise thro' endless days, When we gather round the great white [throne.

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Jesus Receiveth Sinners.

"This Man receiveth sinners."—Luke xv: 2.

H. L. Gilmour. Tune "Under the Willows." Arr. by H. L. G.

1. The ban- quet hall is rich- ly spread, Je- sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners,
2. Now who- so - ev - er will may come, Je- sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners,
3. His precious blood is all thy plea, Je- sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners,
4. Oh, let his love now reach thy heart, Je- sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners,

Where rich and poor a - like are fed, Je - sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners.
There's pardon, rest, and home, sweet home, Je - sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners.
On Calvary's cross 'twas shed for thee, Je - sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners.
And un - to thee new life impart, Je - sus re- ceiv- eth sin - ners.

CHORUS.

Save, might- y Je - sus save, Save a poor sinner from dy - ing;

Save, might- y Je - sus, save, Now on thy promise re - ly - ing.

5 Your faith may triumph over doubt,
Jesus receiveth sinners;
Then with the ransom'd you can shout,
Jesus receiveth sinners.

6 I now believe the blood's applied,
Jesus receiveth sinners;
I'm trusting in the crucified,
Jesus receiveth sinners.

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Will there be any Stars?

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. I am thinking to-day of that beauti- ful land I shall reach when the
2. In the strength of the Lord let me labor and pray, Let me watch as a
3. Oh, what joy will it be when his face I behold, Living gems at his

sun goeth down; When thro' wonderful grace by my Saviour I stand, Will there
winner of souls; That bright stars may be mine in the glorious day, When his
feet to lay down; It would sweeten my bliss in the city of gold, Should there

CHORUS.

be an- y stars in my crown? Will there be any stars, any stars in my crown,
praise like the sea-billow rolls.
be an- y stars in my crown.

When at evening the sun go- eth down? . . . . When I wake with the blest
goeth down?

In the mansions of rest, Will there be an- y stars in my crown? . . . . .
an - y stars in my crown?

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216 There is No One Like the Saviour.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Who can wash a sinners guilt a - way? There is no one like the
2. When we're low - ly bent with grief and care, There is no one like the
3. When we're tempest tossed up- on life's deep, There is no one like the
4. When we feel the i - cy touch of death, There is no one like the
5. O - ver in that blessed home of-the soul, There is no one like the

Saviour, hal- le - lu - jah! Who can turn his darkness in- to day? There is
Saviour, hal- le - lu - jah! He speaks and the sunbeams linger there, There is
Saviour, hal- le - lu- jah! He speaks and the wild waves hush to sleep, There is
Saviour, hal- le - lu - jah! He will take us at our closing breath, There is
Saviour, hal- le - lu - jah! This shall be our song while a- ges roll, There is

CHORUS.

no one like the Saviour, halle - lu - jah! O glo - ry, glo- ry, hal- le-

lu- jah! There is no one like the Saviour, hallelu- jah! While we live or

die, in the earth or sky, There is no one like the Saviour, hallelu - jah.

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I Love Him Far Better.

E. G. C. — ELI G. CHRISTY.

1. It pays to serve Je-sus, I speak from my heart; He'll al- ways be
2. And oft when I'm tempted to turn from the track, I think of my
3. There's a place that remembrance still brings back to me, 'Twas there I found
4. How rich is the blessing the world cannot give, I'm sat - is- fied

with us, if we do our part; There's naught in this wide world can
Saviour,—my mind wanders back To the place where they nailed him on
pardon,—'twas heav- en to me; There Je - sus spoke sweetly to
ful - ly for Je - sus to live, Tho' friends may forsake me and

F. *Fine.*

pleasure af- ford, There's peace and contentment in serv- ing the Lord.
Cal - va - ry's tree— I hear a voice saying,— I suffered for thee!
my wea - ry soul, My sins are for - giv- en, he made my heart whole.
tri - als a - rise, I am trusting in Je- sus—his love nev- er dies.

D. S.—ev - er the cost, I'll be a true soldier,—I'll die at my post.

CHORUS. *D. S.*

{ I love him far better than in days of yore, I'll do as he bids me what-
{ I'll serve him more truly than ever be- fore,

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5 Will you have this blessing that Jesus bestows,
A free, full salvation–as ev'ry one knows?
Oh, sinner, poor sinner, to Calvary flee,
The blood of my Saviour was shed there for thee.

6 There is no one like Jesus, can cheer me to-day, [away,
His love and his kindness can ne'er fade
In winter, in summer, in sunshine and rain, [same.
His love and affection are always the

Fill to Overflowing.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. O what ev - er - lasting mer - cy Saved me, pardoned, and restored;
2. Make my life henceforth a channel, Where thy love shall have its way,
3. Free, exhaustless is the fountain, Help me free - ly to be- lieve,

Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho - ly Spir - it, Lord.
Bless'd, that I may be a blessing, Use me, Saviour, ev - 'ry day.
Riv - ers of thy grace are promised, More and more may I re- ceive.

Give me of the liv - ing wa - ter, Till my soul is sat - is - fied;
Clos - er, clos - er to the fountain, Hold my heart, my soul, my will;
Hap - py thirst that keeps me coming, Pleading still thy gracious word;

From the wells of thy sal - va - tion, Be my ev - 'ry need supplied.
Let the bless - ed heav'nly currents, Richly all my be - ing fill.
Fill me now to o - ver - flowing, With thy Ho- ly Spir - it, Lord.

CHORUS.

Fill me now, fill me now, To o - verflow- ing, to o - ver -
Fill me now, fill me now,

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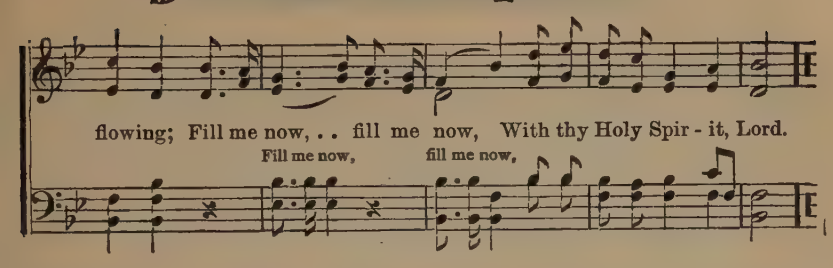
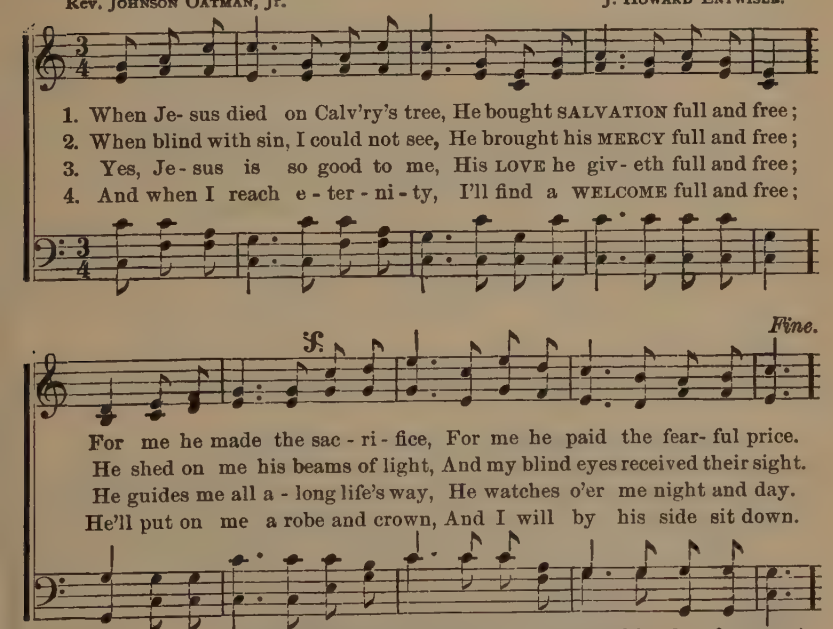
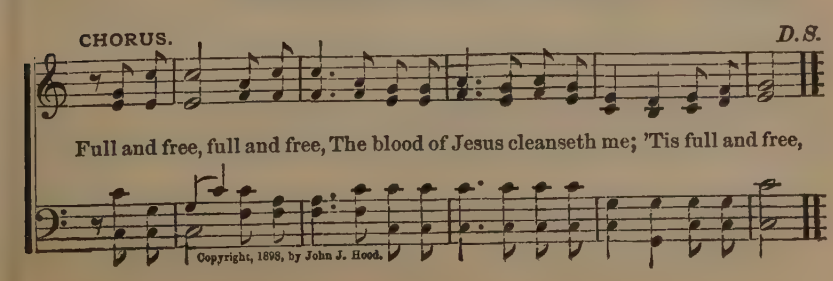
Fill to Overflowing.—CONCLUDED.



219 Full and Free.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. J. Howard Entwisle.





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Wondrously Saved.

Rev. H. J. Zelley. H. L. Gilmour.

1. An offering now of praise I'll bring, I'm wondrously saved to - day;
2. I'll praise the Lord for grace divine, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
3. I'll praise him for his guiding hand, I'm wondrously saved to - day,
4. I'll praise him for his keeping pow'r, I'm wondrously saved to - day,

Let ev - 'ry ransomed sin - ner sing, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
That saved and cleansed this heart of mine, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
That leads me thro' this hos- tile land, I'm wondrously saved to - day.
That bore me up in sorrow's hour, I'm wondrously saved to - day.

CHORUS.

Saved, . . . saved, . . . My sins are all tak - en a - way;
Wondrously saved, blessed- ly saved,

I'm washed in the blood, all glory to God, I'm wondrously saved to- day.

Copyright, 1894, by H. L. Gilmour.

5 I'll praise him with my dying breath,
I'm wondrously saved to-day,
Who saved from Satan, sin and death,
I'm wondrously saved to-day.

6 And then I'll praise him up in heav'n,
I'm wondrously saved to-day, [giv'n,
Where blood-washed robes and harps are
I'm wondrously saved to-day.

221 Christ Shall Have All.

Mrs. C. H. M. — Mrs. C. H. Morris.

1. Not with di - vid- ed heart Come I, O Lord, to thee, But thine in
2. To thee for help I cried, When I was lost in sin; Je - sus hath
3. Bought at tremendous cost By the dear Saviour's blood, Saved to the

CHORUS.

ev - 'ry part For- ev- er - more to be. Christ shall have
sat - is- fied, Now I have peace with - in.
ut - termost, Under the crim - - son flood.

all, ... Christ shall have all my heart, For less than
Christ shall have all, have all

this I could not bring; My gift so small, ... for thy great
My gift so small,

all, ... And less than this I could not, dare not bring.
for thy great all,

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4 Dead to the world and sin,
Upward my feet shall press;
Alive to Christ my Lord,
And to his righteousness.

5 Yet more of love bestow,
More of thy grace impart,
And cause to overflow,
With gratitude, my heart.

'Tis Burning in My Soul.

DELIA T. WHITE. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.

1. God sent his might-y power To this poor, sin - ful heart, To
2. Be - fore the cross I bow, Up - on the al - tar lay A
3. No good that I have done, His promise I embrace; Ac-

keep me ev- 'ry hour, And needful grace impart; And since his Spirit came,
will- ing off 'ring now, My all from day to day. My Saviour paid the price,
cept- ed in the Son, He saves me by his grace. All glo- ry be to God!

To take supreme control, The love-enkindled flame Is burning in my soul.
My name he sweetly calls; Up- on the sac - ri- fice The fire from heaven falls.
Let hal- le - lujahs roll; His love is shed abroad, The fire is in my soul.

CHORUS.

'Tis burning in my soul, 'Tis burning in my soul; The fire of heav'nly

love is burning in my soul. The Ho - ly Spir - it came, All
burning in my soul.

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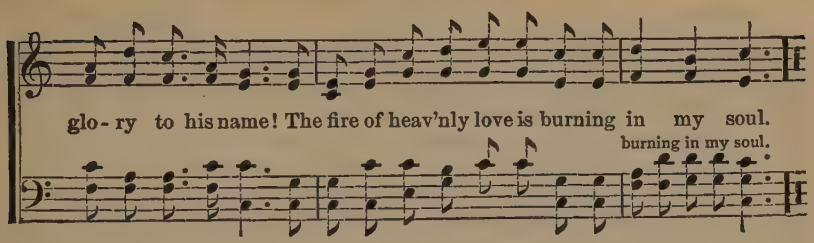
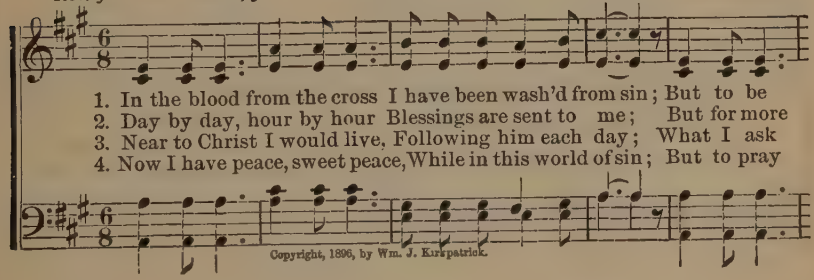
'Tis Burning in My Soul.—CONCLUDED.



223 Deeper Yet.

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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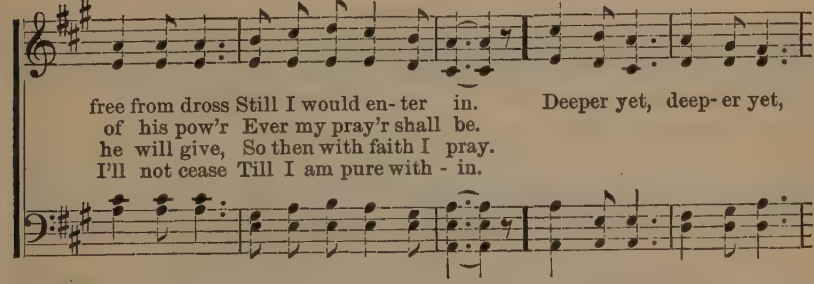
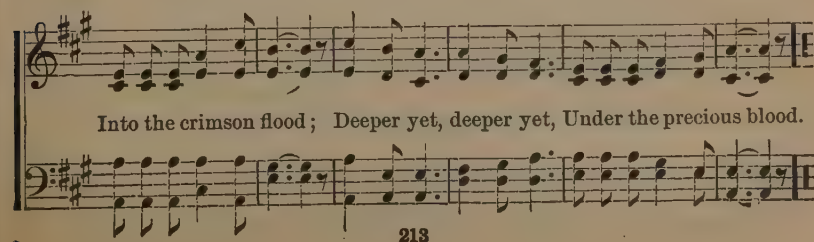
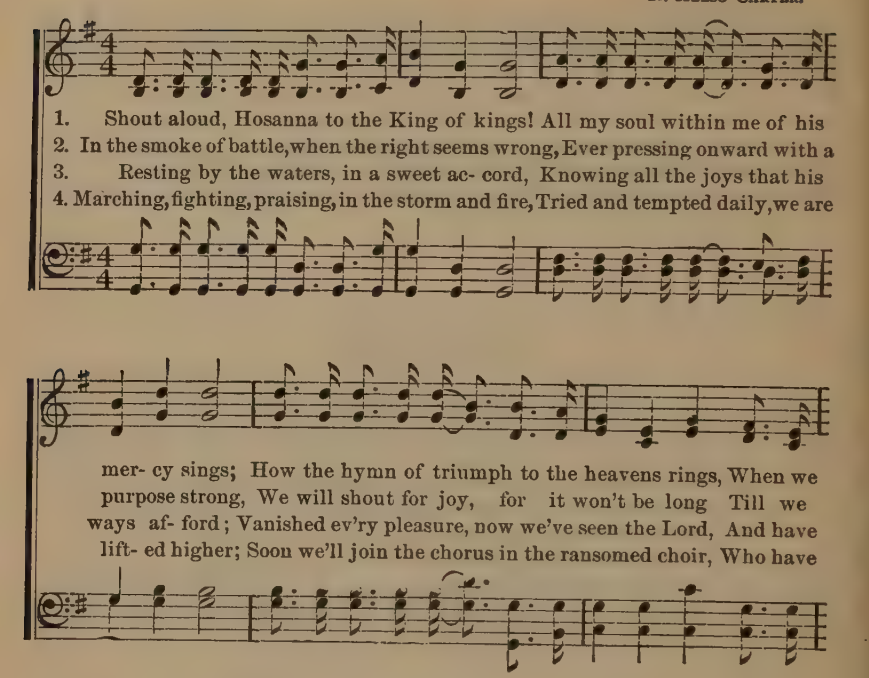
CHORUS.





We Overcome by the Blood.

R. K. C. R. Kelso Carter.



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225 Step Into the Waters of Love.

Harriet E. Jones. St. John v: 4. J. Howard Entwisle.

1. The fountain of healing is o - pen, The waters are troubled to-
2. There's nothing unholy can en - ter The beauti- ful kingdom of
3. Oh, come with your sins and transgressions, This moment step in - to the

night; to-night; And all who shall plunge 'neath the billows May rise in the
light; of light; The garments of all must be spotless, Who sit with our
pool, the pool, To rise from its depths with re - joicing, With not a dark

CHORUS.

raiment of white. Then come . . . . . to this fountain of healing,
King on the right.
blot on your soul.

to this fountain,

Step in - - - to the waters of love; Be clothed . . . in the

in - to the wa - ters, in the garment,

rit. ad lib.

garment of beauty, Be heir . . . . . to the rich- es a- bove.

to the rich - es,

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Jesus is Passing By.

E. E. Hewitt. Jno. R. Sweney.

1. Come, contrite one, and seek his grace, Je - sus is passing by;
2. Come, hungry one, and tell your need, Je - sus is passing by;
3. Come, wea - ry one, and find sweet rest, Je - sus is passing by;
4. Come, burdened one, bring all your care, Je - sus is passing by;

See in his rec - on - cil - ed face The sunshine of the sky.
The Bread of Life your soul will feed, And ful - ly sat - is - fy.
Come where the longing heart is blessed, And on his bos - om lie.
The love that list- ens to your prayer Will "no good thing" de - ny.

CHORUS.

Pass - ing by, . . pass - ing by, . . Hasten to meet him on the way,
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by,

p

p rit.

Jesus is passing by to-day, Pass- - ing by, . . pass- - ing by.
Passing by, passing by, passing by, passing by.

mp

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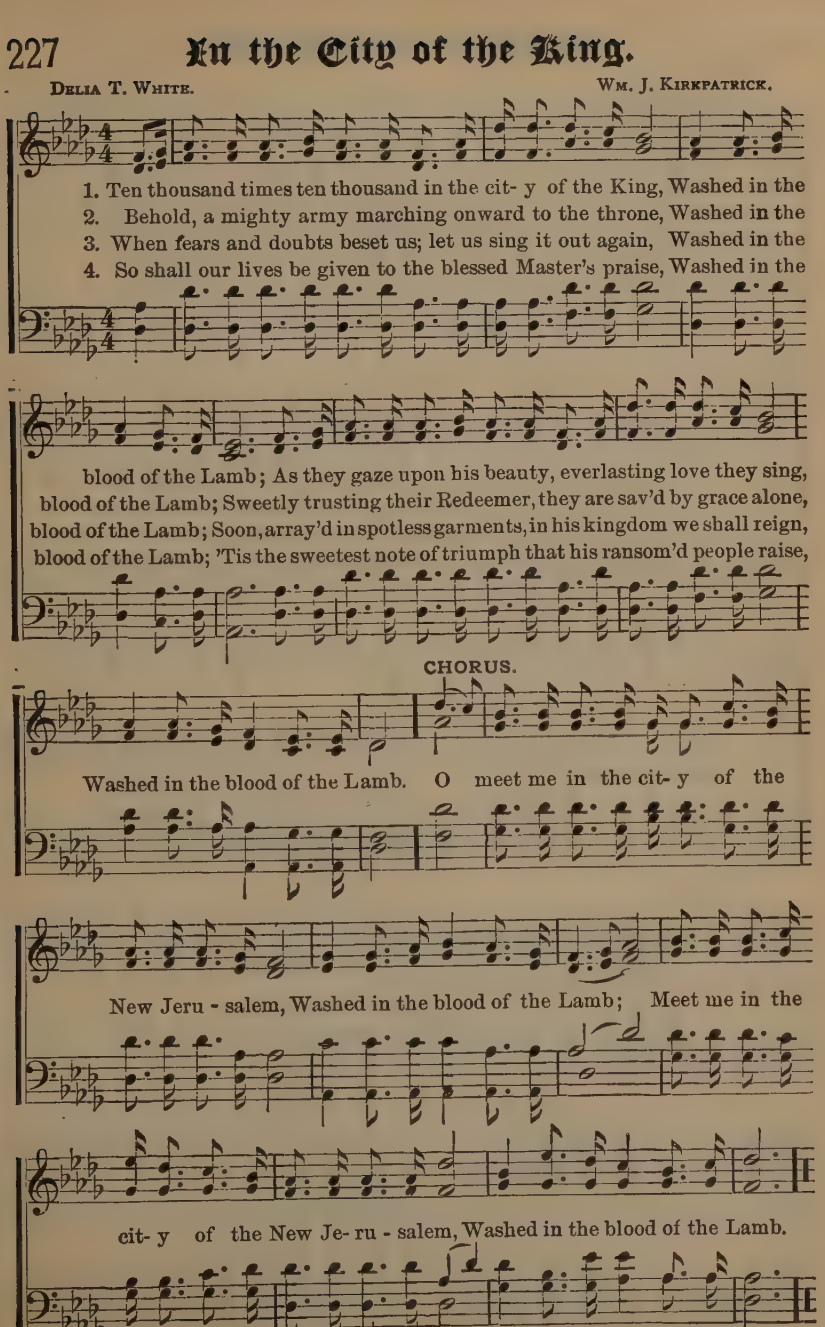
227 In the City of the King.

Delia T. White. Wm. J. Kirkpatrick.



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Sunshine as You Go.

JOHN M. BAKER. JNO. R. SWENEY.

Moderato.

1. Oh, the world has need of sunshine as you go, For we oft- en see the tears of sor - row flow; You can haste that com- ing day, When they'll all be wiped away, If you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
2. You can la- bor for the Master as you go, Plant the precious seed and he will bid it grow; Toil - ing on, whate'er betide, With the Saviour by your side, You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go.
3. You will meet with many trials as you go, There will be some self-de- ni - als here be - low; But keep look- ing still above, And re- member God is love, While you scatter blessed sunshine as you go.

CHORUS.

You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go, ... You can scatter blessed sunshine as you go; Oh, so many hearts are sad, You can bless - ed sunshine as you go;

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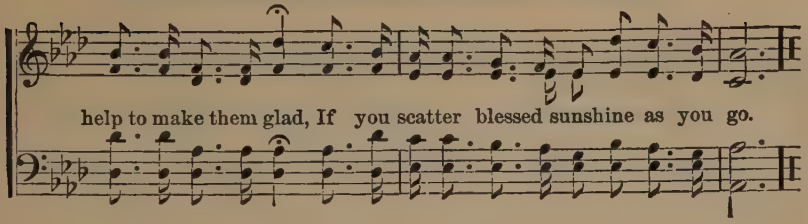
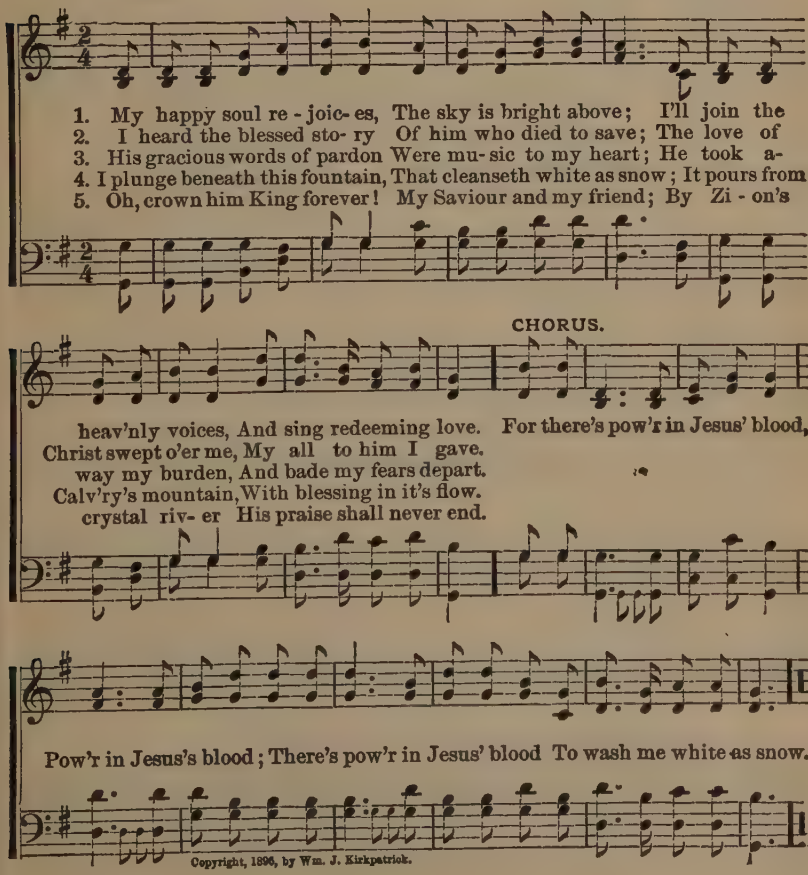
Sunshine as You Go.—CONCLUDED.



229 There's Power in Jesus' Blood.

HOPE TAYAWAY. WM. J. KIRKPATRICK.



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My Saviour First of All.

FANNY J. CROSBY. JNO. R. SWENEY.

1. When my life-work is end- ed, and I cross the swelling tide, When the
2. Oh, the soul-thrilling rapture when I view his blessed face, And the
3. Oh, the dear ones in glo- ry, how they beckon me to come, And our
4. Thro' the gates to the cit - y in a robe of spotless white, He will

bright and glorious morning I shall see; I shall know my Redeemer when I
lustre of his kindly beaming eye; How my full heart will praise him for the
parting at the riv- er I re - call; To the sweet vales of Eden they will
lead me where no tears will ever fall; In the glad song of a- ges I shall

reach the oth- er side, And his smile will be the first to welcome me.
mercy, love, and grace, That prepares for me a mansion in the sky.
sing my welcome home; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.
mingle with delight; But I long to meet my Saviour first of all.

CHORUS.

I shall know him, I shall know him, And redeem'd by his side I shall stand,
I shall know him,

I shall know him, I shall know him By the print of the nails in his hand.

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No, Not One!

Rev. Johnson Oatman, Jr. — Geo. C. Hugg.

Slow, and with great feeling.

1. There's not a friend like the low- ly Je- sus, No, not one! no, not one!
2. No friend like him is so high and ho- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
3. There's not an hour that he is not near us, No, not one! no, not one!

None else could heal all our soul's dis- eas - es, No, not one! no, not one!
And yet no friend is so meek and low- ly, No, not one! no, not one!
No night so dark but his love can cheer us, No, not one! no, not one!

CHORUS.

Je- sus knows all about our struggles, He will guide till the day is done,

There's not a friend like the low- ly Je- sus, No, not one! No, not one!

From "Heaven's Echo," by per.

4 Did ever saint find this friend forsake
No, not one! no, not one! [him?
Or sinner find that he would not take
No, not one! no, not one! [him?

5 Was e'er a gift like the Saviour given?
No, not one! no, not one!
Will he refuse us a home in heaven?
No, not one! no, not one!

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